The

COMMONWEAL

A Weekly Review of Literature the Arts and Public Affairs

FOUNDED BY MICHAEL WILLIAMS

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VOLUME XXIX *March* 31, 1939 NUMBER 23

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THE COMMONWEAL is indexed in the *Reader's Guide, Catholic Periodical Index* and *Catholic Bookman.*

Commonweal Publishing Co., Inc., 386 Fourth Avenue, New York.

Annual Subscriptions: U. S. and Canada: $5.00; Foreign: $6.00.

The European Situation

NOW THAT the other powers are slowly recovering from their anguished surprise at the sudden demise of Czecho-Slovakia, they are speculating on the direction of Hitler's next major step and casting about for feasible means of preventing it. Bohemia-Moravia and Slovakia are not the economic liabilities that Austria and Sudetenland were, for in addition to their man power and armaments, they have added considerable resources of coal, iron, forests, water power, wheat and sugar-beet fields to the Third Reich, not to mention the $83,000,000 in gold which the Germans seized in Prague without the slightest attempt at justification. Countries like Rumania, Poland and Jugoslavia, which formerly secured their armaments from the Skoda factories, were also rendered less able to resist, while the Hungarian-Rumanian dispute is attaining proportions auspicious for another Hitler coup. Britain sees the shadow lengthening over her already troubled empire, as Hitler draws closer to her vital centers in Southeast Europe and Asia Minor. France sees her position further weakened by the disarming of possible allies and Italy's expected demand for compensations. But in both Britain and France morale is high, friendship solidified and rearmament taking on added pace. Britain's growing hostility must be traced in part to the way Nazi-backed industry has cut in on her all-important foreign trade. Russia remains a complete enigma both as to strength and willingness, despite her six-power plan. Italy appears none too happy over German domination of the Balkans, despite contrary assertions of the Fascist Grand Council. How much can Hitler count on Mussolini? Hungary appears to be a German pawn, Poland hesitant to commit herself to the Franco-British line-up. At what point will France and Britain fight to preserve what they have? The only hope would seem to be to allow Hitler to expand to the point of collapse, for everyone stands to lose by another European war. And with premiers and foreign ministers, international morality is no longer even a pretense.

The Stop-Hitler Drive

Our Most Urgent Business

CONFRONTED by such a situation and the future which is to grow out of it, what is the United States to do? It should first of all be stated as a principle that no act of aggression in Europe can possibly justify a general war. It is time that this principle be clearly and flatly stated. No one could be more opposed than we to the ideas and the fruits of Hitler or even of Mussolini, but it is better that their ideas triumph for the time being than that whole populations should cease to exist. While a man lives he can yet save his soul; when he is dead, that matter is settled. And if, as is so often bound to be in the case of modern war, he dies with hatred in his heart, certainly his salvation is something uncertain, as far as we can know. On the purely natural level, there is no use talking of justice for the dead; society can only achieve justice for the living, and the primary condition of justice is destroyed if we destroy whole populations. One cannot fail to have every feeling of sorrow at the plight of the Czechs, but at least they are live Czechs and not dead corpses. And a modern general war means not a decimation of the population—the killing of one out of ten, which used to be considered the most dreadful possible loss, but rather the death of one out of five, or one out of four, perhaps even one out of three, of the whole population. What use is there to prate of "democracy" as a thing worth dying for when the "dying" does not mean a few soldiers,

The Values of War

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but a fraction of the whole people for whom, by democracy's own notions, democracy itself exists? Is not this to ask a sacrifice which implies that the people exist for democracy, rather than democracy for the people? And do any of those who would have Hitler stopped with human blood ever consider how transitory are human affairs? In fifty years there will be no Stalin, no Hitler, no Mussolini. But, *if there is no war,* there will still be a Russian, German, Italian, even a Czech people.

It is from such a point of view that all the present notions about our foreign policy should be regarded. Neutrality Acts will do little good—unless we should decide to do what it is probably too much to expect: declare a complete embargo on the exportation both in peace and in war of all military matériel. The modern game of international politics, which uses without a moment's compunction treachery, lying and dishonesty, makes neutrality legislation of the sort now being considered in Congress particularly dangerous, for it gives the other powers an opportunity to jockey us into position by the very fact that our policy is inelastic. It is, of course, our duty to try to help keep Europe peaceful, yet that must always be at best a dangerous business. We may stave off an act of Hitleresque aggression by having it rumored that a highly placed person thinks our frontiers are on the Rhine; but that very gesture may buck up English and French courage to the point of encouraging them to fight a "preventive" war. Our first duty, then, is to do everything in our power to keep ourselves out of a conflict; our second duty is prudently to do what we can to keep others from fighting. And any action we take in that direction should be taken only if, on the face of it, it is peaceful action. Threats are not peaceful action, nor is it peaceful to arm other countries, be they friendly or hostile.

The Endless Refugees

BUT TOWARD the world's problem we have another duty: one imposed by Christian charity and one which we can neglect only if we are willing to give scandal. It is a duty which Christians and Catholics in this country have not been fulfilling. It is the duty to help those who are the victims of force. It seems incredible that one should have to speak of the necessity for Catholics to succor religious who must become exiles from their native land or else starve. And yet the spirit of intolerance and selfishness is so strong among us that we can express proper and just indignation when religious are slain in one country, but will do little or nothing to help religious who are forced to leave another country. And it is with profound humiliation and shame that we sometimes hear Americans and Catholics say privately that we should not help certain German Catholic refugees because they are driven from their country by reason of their Jewish blood. Was not Saint Paul a convert from Judaism? Would we look askance at accepting him as a refugee? When one is confronted with such things, one for a long time hesitates as to whether it is a time to speak or a time to keep silent, for fear of giving scandal oneself by speaking. Yet as time passes, hesitation weakens, and to remain silent becomes pharasaical. Our own bishops have pointed out the way for us, yet so little has resulted that we can only hide our faces in shame, hoping for a happier future. It is our duty, up to the limit of our power, to help those who need it. Many of our own people need help, but are we to admit that the American standard of living has been so reduced by our helping our own people that we have nothing left for others? We are still the richest nation on the earth, and we are still capable of great generosity. Why is it that in this one department our brother's distress seems to elicit so little response?

Taking in the Stranger

Splitting the Profits with Labor

WORKING conditions in the Hormel meat-packing plant have been described and praised in our pages on several occasions. The outstanding practise of the firm is the payment of an annual wage despite the seasonal nature of the work done. There are many other admirable features of the working contract, which suggest the ideals of the papal encyclicals on labor. It has come to our attention that the firm recently inaugurated a plan whereby profits would henceforth be divided between workers and stockholders. The plan is frankly admitted to be a device to stimulate greater effort and care on the part of the employees, but since they are to receive 80 percent of the earnings there is no suggestion of exploitation or of a boss-ridden speed-up. The project, which is given the name "Joint Earnings Plan," is of an experimental nature and will be in effect during the fiscal year ending October 28, 1939. It will be extremely interesting to observe its workings, and we hope to have favorable reports in future months. We might note that the Hormel employees are organized in the United Packing House Workers Union, a CIO affiliate.

A Packer and the Encyclicals

Findings on the Older Employee Problem

BOTH humanity and common sense must endorse the findings of the Committee on Employment Problems of Older Workers, appointed last year by the Secretary of Labor. In unequivocal terms, and on the basis of what it indicates to be an abundance of representative data throughout the country, this committee urges that age-limits for employees be

Ability after Forty

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abolished alike by the government and by private employers. This performs a needed and extremely valuable service in redressing public thinking and public practise: for the recommendation is sound not only financially and psychologically—it has an important constructive bearing on the quality of work performed which should earn it consideration from employers on the basis of self-interest as well. In all fields except (to use the words of the committee) those where the requirement is for mere "physical strength and endurance," the qualifications of trained workers are ripening to their highest availability at forty — in common practise the age when employment is oftenest refused; it is mostly from forty onward that steadied character and the long accumulation of experience begin to make for the employee's greatest potential value. In principle, indeed, the unique worth of mature wisdom has been acknowledged by every civilization. The wholly false emphasis upon youth in our own not only artificially advances the age of retirement and dependence of great masses of workers, with all that this means of maladjustment among the scrapped and undue burdens upon the still active; it robs employment of the expertness in work and the devotion to work which are most specifically the property of years.

The committee gives a good deal of practical advice upon the curse of this evil. Admitting that the federal government has a higher proportion of older employees than have private employers, it yet points out that the age limits imposed by the government serve as "an undesirable example," and urges that they be lifted. Amendment of the Civil Service Retirement Act to make special provision for employees serving less than the minimum of fifteen years, or an arrangement under the Social Security Act "so that credits could be transferable between public and private employment" could take care of the technical difficulty involved, and thereupon the government could take the lead in employing workers "solely on the basis of qualifications and without regard to age." In summary, the committee's words could hardly be more emphatic than they are in asserting that an exhaustive survey gives "no evidence that would support, and much that would invalidate, a general prejudice against older workers on the score of age alone. . . . An examination of factual data on productivity, accident, sickness, group insurance and pension plans has led . . . to the conclusion that the prejudice against hiring older workers rests largely on inadequate and erroneous impressions, and that any policy, private or governmental, which arbitrarily discriminates against employees or applicants on the basis of a fixed age, is undesirable from the point of view of employees, employers and the public as a whole." It is our feeling that the persuasive common sense of these words, squaring as they do with what most intelligent people know to be the plain truth, must enlist wide support everywhere. And chiefly, may employers be moved by them to "scan their productive processes and word methods to determine what occupations are particularly suitable for the employment of older workers." One nightmare at least will thereby begin to lift from the American working scene.

Sharecroppers in the News

Far-sighted Expenditures

ONLY the barest details have reached the public on the billion-dollar proposal to make farm owners out of American sharecroppers, which has been introduced in the United States Senate over the signatures of no less than fifty-two senators. At the moment the government is expending $25,000,000 a year for the purchase of farms, and this policy benefits at most a few thousand of the millions of whites and Negroes of the South still living under appalling conditions. Mortgages at 3 percent are the device provided by the proposed bill to confer the status of ownership on so many hitherto economically helpless Americans. A down payment of only 10 percent would be required and where the tenant, as will most often be the case, lacks this sum, he will assign the government sufficient liens on his future crops. To be successful this transfer of ownership must be an integral part of a far wider program, in which education is the spearhead. Crop diversification and crop rotation are essential. Each family must raise the greater part of the foodstuffs it consumes and must learn the rudiments of a healthful diet as well as those of management. Through organizations such as the enlightened Southern Tenant Farmers Union, whose headquarters are at Memphis, a full-fledged program of cooperative buying and marketing must be inaugurated. The union's aim of utilizing the human potentialities inherent in agricultural machinery must be realized. Education, organization and ownership are the practical instruments for working out one of the most critical situations facing us today.

The Milk Price War

Letting George Do It

THE RAPID and sanitary distribution of milk and milk products to huge urban populations does not seem to have to be in the nature of the case a large-scale monopolistic enterprise. In fact, there is no dearth of "independent" dealers supplying the same cities efficiently and profitably, while meeting the rigid requirements of various boards of health. However, when one large corporation, by reason of the strength of its size and resources, can determine in effect the price of milk for the millions of con-

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sumers in the New York area, and correlatively the price paid to the farmers of the New York mild shed, there is manifestly excessive concentration in private hands of economic control over an essential commodity. Past legislation has been singularly unsuccessful in dealing with this situation. It was in fact the invalidation of the Rogers-Allen Act that recently permitted the dominant New York firm to reduce over night the price of milk $.025 a quart, and thus seriously disorganize the milk industry from producer to consumer.

Perhaps we are confronted here with one of those political problems which the state simply cannot regulate as well as the social groups immediately concerned, even though the whole population needs milk in some form. For one thing, the milk producers because of widespread one "crop" and cash crop farming have placed themselves at the mercy of the distributors. It is hard to see how this condition can be corrected by state law. But there is no natural law which forces a farmer to base his whole existence on a monthly milk check. Diversified farming together with more processing on the farm itself of milk into easily preserved butter, cheese and pork would make the producer more independent and enable him to bargain better for a just return on his investment and labor. As for the long-suffering consumer, he too has put himself at the mercy of the distributors and failed to utilize fully the weapon of cooperatives in order to break the monopoly. There is one consumers' milk cooperative making slow progress in New York, but it must go a long way to make its influence felt. Cooperatives in some communities, notably among the Rochdale weavers and in our own times among the Nova Scotia fishermen, have intervened to ward off starvation, and thus received a powerful natural impulsion; in others where the necessity is not so extreme a long campaign of education must occur before cooperatives become operative. "It is one man that soweth, and it is another that reapeth." Consumers are now profiting by the sudden drop in the cost of milk, but when the inevitable rise follows, and that at the whim of the "trust," we hope that milk cooperatives will come more to the fore. When everyone is saying, "Let George do it," and George happens to be the state, the avoidance of responsibility is as unsatisfactory as ever.

The Governor and the Lady

THE LONE STAR STATE will not lack for newspaper copy as long as Governor O'Daniel can make himself heard. Whether this will prove to be an unmixed blessing is another question. The Governor's recent excursions into the science of penology, for instance, cannot have made his fellow Texans completely happy. And even when Governor O'Daniel deals with subjects less grim, the same touch undoubtedly appears: the gift for divining, if we may say so, what is the exactly wrong thing to say in a given situation, and then saying it. This was indeed so manifest in the Governor's recent introduction of Mrs. Roosevelt to her lecture audience in Dallas, that it raises the remote question in a corner of the mind whether, in the current differences between an eminent Texan and the most eminent Roosevelt, the Governor was not quietly breaking a lance on Cactus Jack's side. If so, it was an ungallant attempt, and we are glad to say, met with defeat. Of course the suspicion may be unfounded. In any event, Governor O'Daniel told Mrs. Roosevelt's audience that "any good things" which the President "may have done during his political career, are due to her, and any mistakes he may have made are due to his not taking up the matter with his wife." This rich tribute has a double potency. Not only does it cut across proprieties and taboos which are all the stronger for not being the subject of legal definition. It brings back echoes of the recent row in Washington, when headlines featured our "European frontier," and Mrs. Roosevelt unfortunately broke her excellent rule of not mixing in, to publish what amounted to a spirited apologia of the President in her own newspaper column. Her words were not well received, nor silently received, in that section abroad which had smallest reason to be pleased with the President's position. More significantly, though there were few published protests, a good many people at home did not like them either. In the circumstances, it indicates Mrs. Roosevelt's resource under fire—she cannot have anticipated what her introducer would say—that she gracefully forebore to accept the laurels being pressed upon her, and contented herself with explaining that a President's wife does not see her husband often enough to influence him.

Mrs. Roosevelt Wins

The State of the Railroads

THE LATEST figures comparing this year and last indicate that the nation's railroads are experiencing the upturn that in a modest degree characterizes business generally. But the competition of trucks and busses is keenly felt and the roads continue to cut expenditures for fuel and other materials. It has been estimated that only one-third of the various lines are really sound from a business point of view, another third is sliding down the hill toward bankruptcy, while the remaining one-third are already bankrupt. The Wheeler-Truman bill to set up a Railroad Reorganization Court for this latter class, which involves no less than 250,000 employees and indebtedness totaling $5,500,000,000 sounds like a badly needed measure at a time when months of delay have been proving so costly

A New Economic Court

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to all concerned. It also has the merit of embodying many of the wishes of labor and management and is the fruit of months of careful preparation. One of its chief aims is to prevent unsound reorganizations of a makeshift character whose subsequent demise will cause even wider economic woe. Another good feature provides a practical method of permitting feasible intervention by employees, management and stockholders during reorganization proceedings. The guarantees of reliable trustees, equitable valuations and mediation are other praiseworthy features. This approach to the problem of bankrupt railroads may prove to be the first real step toward a workable solution of a railroad problem that is so far-reaching that it affects the general national economy materially. It is time.

Lent and Democracy

IT IS a truism to say that democracy is on trial for its life and that the verdict is still much in doubt. Democracy has yet to show efficiency and dispatch in coping with the gigantic social-economic problems that confront us. We Americans are naturally depressed at seeing the democratic idea in jeopardy. We cannot imagine life being any longer attractive and worth the effort if democracy should perish from our midst. The totalitarian states treat human beings as cattle to be herded under the lash of a dictator; democracy gives scope to the spirit of man and allows a goodly measure of self-government. As a recent speaker put it, democracy sets great store by the moral energies of human nature. The totalitarian states take a mechanistic view of human life, whereas democracy treats man as a moral being capable of self-government. Probably the speaker in question—I think it was Mr. Hoover—would feel embarrassed at my advancing his thought a step further and saying that therefore the Catholic Church is supremely capable of educating men for democracy. And doubtless he would consider it arrant trifling to say that, since democracy sets great store by the moral energy of its citizens, a much needed medicine for a very sick democracy is the vigorous observance of Lent.

Democracy takes the same view of man as does the Catholic Church. With this difference, however. Democracy tends to become romantic in its easy assumption of the individual's capacity for self-government. The Church in her thinking ever remains the hard-bitten realist. She never loses sight of the fact of original sin. She never fails to consider that the capacity for self-government is not a static quantity. It admits of unlimited development and is always in need of active cultivation. If democracy postulates a sturdy degree of self-control in its citizens, it postulates by the same token some form of asceticism; for there can be no self-control without self-discipline. The Catholic saint is famous for his vaulting moral energy; but he is also famous for his mortifications. A pure democracy could exist only among a race of saints. The anarchists of Barcelona would have been astonished to learn that the cloistered saints whose graves they barbarously violated were the one class of persons among whom the anarchical idea might have proven feasible. The splendidly disciplined character of a Carmelite nun could get along without the sanctions of government; the frenetic preachers of anarchy need a tyrant to repress their savage impulses.

In enjoining the Lenten fast upon us the Church makes a necessary contribution to the cause of saving democracy. In addition to being a particular application of the law of penance repeatedly stressed by Christ, the Lenten observance has for its purpose to school the unruly tendencies of the heart and spiritualize the nature of man. We glibly prate of less interference by government in our daily lives, but conveniently forget the corollary of our principle. If there is to be less state-control there must be more self-control. Democracies reckon with the spirit of men; but if they are not to be fatuous romantics, there must be a hardy spirit to reckon with. Every man harbors within himself seven disturbers of the social peace, the seven capital sins or sources of vice. These are not repressed for the asking.

The process of doing so is called asceticism, and the Lenten observance is but an intensive application of the principle. The need for moral retrenchment exists the year round, but at certain seasons the Church exhorts us to a more vigorous practise of mortification. If the human race would observe Lent in all its primitive austerity, at the end of six weeks we might send to the warehouse the grim-visaged dictators, the crushing regimentation, the secret police, the star-chamber jurisprudence and the rest of the horrendous paraphernalia of tyranny. A people that had caught the spirit of going counter to desire and denying its extravagant impulses, could be trusted to keep the social peace and work together for the common good. Democracy would have found its natural habitat. Freedom could walk unabashed in the garden on Easter morning.

There is some talk today of "moral rearmament." The Oxford Movement, I believe, is sponsoring a crusade to fortify the spirit of the individual. The ideal is splendid, but the method taken by Dr. Buchman and his group is doomed to failure. The Oxford group puts the cart before the horse. It begins the process with mysticism; the Catholic Church ends the process with mysticism. The Oxford group seems to expect in the short space of a week-end conference to effect an intimate rapport between the soul and the Spirit of God. It would immolate selfishness and attain

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perfect conformity with God's will in one wild mystical leap. A well-instructed Catholic must deplore the misdirection of such splendid zeal for spiritual growth. One can imagine how energetically Ignatius Loyola would have set about correcting such an ill-conceived notion of "moral rearmament." He would have loved the phrase—soldier that he was, he would have warmly seconded the ambition, but he was too much the realist to have fallen in with such a quixotic method of achieving it. The "unitive" stage must follow upon two other stages, the first of which is the "purgative." The joyous peace of Easter is won through the Lenten observance.

There is no short-cut to self-mastery. The masterpiece of Christian sanctity is sculptured as laboriously in a stubborn medium as was the Moses of Michelangelo. Dr. Buchman's method might work among a race of Stanislaus Kostkas and Theresa Martins, though even these untarnished souls undertook a terrific regimen of self-denial when they embarked on their careers of sanctity. Philosophy has always been something of a laughing-stock because it is long on ideals but short on accomplishment. It sets forth radiant patterns of right behavior but fails to bestir men to practise the self-discipline necessary to achieve such patterns. When the liberals tore down the cross of tyranny they forgot to replace it with the cross of self-control. They mistook the Catholic Church for their enemy whereas she was their indispensable ally. It is all very well to abolish the police when moral sanctions operate in the breasts of the citizenry. But it is senseless to prate of freedom to a race of moral slaves.

The Lenten observance aims to emancipate the individual from the bondage of his passions. The Church knows that if a man ever tastes deeply of freedom within himself he will demand freedom without. She points to her saints and cries: Taste and see that freedom is sweet. She knows, withal, that the individual soul is the primary school of freedom. It is there a man learns the obstacles to freedom, how it is achieved and how preserved; and without such knowledge he cannot be relied upon to operate a democracy. Chanting the shibboleths of liberalism won't preserve us from the imminent peril of dictatorship. Whatever the totalitarians are, they are not doctrinnaire. There is much to be said for their cynicism on the subject of trusting the citizen to behave beyond the reach of a bayonet. They are receivers in a moral bankruptcy, and we have the war of the liberals on religion to thank for the bankruptcy. The liberals threw off not only the galling yoke of the king but the merciful yoke of Christ.

The neatest explanation of Lent is found in the words of a song. The world abounds in drinking or feasting songs; the Catholic Church has a fasting song. It is the song or Preface which the priest sings at the Solemn Mass in Lent. The fact that the church bursts into song when discoursing on the Lenten fast floodlights her attitude toward penance and self-denial. The thought of them moves her to sing, and in "numbers" far from "mournful."

The world shudders at the mere thought of mortification and self-denial. The Church on the contrary looks at the radiant faces of her saints, their joyous purity of heart, their serenely masterful characters, their abounding *joie de vivre,* and knows that the one specific for practically all the ills that befall the human spirit is a prudent measure of penance and mortification. The Church is not depressed by the thought of the Cross, for she recalls that when the Cross was planted in the ground, Easter lilies sprouted to gladden the souls of men. Every saint can testify what splendid joys are plucked from the Cross well planted in a life.

The best the world can achieve is pleasurable excitement followed by ennui. It was the would-be bon-vivant, John Keats, who sang of "sad satiety." The world buys success books to be reminded to smile now and then. Its formulas for a good time are all either strenuous or expensive; and its supreme idea of gaiety is not something that wells up from inside a man but something poured into him from a bottle. The Church feels only scorn for such artificially induced good spirits. Numbing the consciousness and blunting one's perception of life's asperities is not her idea of happiness. She demands a happiness that can steadfastly behold the Medusa-like realities of life and not be turned to stone. The Church believes that the seat of true bliss is within a man, and that it is from his own well-tempered soul that the harmonies of a happy life must issue. It is the aim of the Lenten observance to produce a well-tempered soul.

The Church is so convinced of the immense benefits that accrue from the Lenten regimen, so thrilled at beholding the radiant blooms of happiness springing from the dark soil of mortification in the lives of her devout children, she cannot content herself with telling us about it in staid spoken words, but must burst into song—the Preface of the Mass for Lent:

"It is truly meet and just, right and profitable unto salvation, that we should at all times and in all places give thanks unto thee, O holy Lord, Father Almighty, everlasting God. Who by fasting of the body dost curb our vices, dost lift up our mind, dost give us strength and reward, through Christ our Lord."

Unchecked vices, base thinking and flabbiness of spirit are diseases fatal to democracy. Lenten observance is the required medicine or antidote. Is it idle to hope that the lovers of democracy will manfully drink it down?

THOMAS A. FOX, C.S.P.

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William Butler Yeats

"Outside of Ireland his place is secure on Parnassus; but inside of it he would perhaps prefer a place in the memory of his people's soul."

By **Robert Speaight**

IT WAS commonly admitted among those who had a love and understanding of literature that Yeats was the greatest poet of our time. There was no considerable exception to this judgment; nor is there any reason to think that it will be questioned by posterity. The elements of music, simplicity, intensity and wide appeal were conspicuous in his verse to a degree not reached by any other contemporary poet. In his capacity for using a tradition so long as it served his own sincerity and for discarding or remolding it when it had ceased to do so, he was only rivaled by T. S. Eliot. His intellectual passion, too, was as strong as Eliot's; but his verse was more consistently on the wing.

He was a figure of singular completeness, and this very fidelity to all that had made him, begot in its turn whatever was inconsistent or baffling in his public or private utterance. From his father he inherited an agnostic rationalism, with which he was continually at war, but which may have prevented a rational acceptance of his country's faith. In his flight from reason, and his fear of it, he veered toward the mythical and the occult. He was fascinated by Madame Blavatsky at the beginning of his life and by spiritualistic phenomena at the end of it; he found his earliest inspiration in Irish mythology, and his latest in Eastern mysticism. I am not here questioning the authenticity or even the relative worth of that mysticism and those phenomena; I am only citing them as instances of his reaction.

Huxley and Spencer, Dowsen and Lionel Johnson, John O'Leary and Swift, Blake and the Upanishads—these were the formative influences on his mind, and he did not complain that they were contradictory. On the contrary, they gave an extreme tension to his verse. And the story of Yeats is not the story of his opinions, but of his love-affair; not of what he thought, but of what he wrote. He lived in the world and up to the end his contacts were many and various; but his lasting passion was for literature. For that devotion and discipline he will be remembered.

It was in many ways an exclusive passion. He once confessed to me that he had no love of music, and I cannot remember him ever discussing painting or sculpture although his father and his brother were artists and he himself has written eloquently of pictures. He had, I think, a love of mosaic, but whether this was a pure appreciation or whether it merely reflected the Byzantine tendency of his taste I am not competent to judge. When he was not discussing literature or the stage, he would talk with a mixture of perspicacity and prejudice on public affairs. Although he was a prophet of art for life's sake and was the last great representative of the aristocratic tradition in letters, he never secluded himself in the Ivory Tower of detachment.

He was for some years a Senator of the Irish Free State; he founded and fostered the Abbey Theatre and the Irish Academy; he had a shrewd judgment of men, though not, perhaps, of women. He could sum up a character in a phrase. He once remarked to me apropos of a particularly pugnacious Ulsterman: "Ah, but he hasn't the slow, patient cunning of the born fighter"; and a mixture of cunning and perseverance was Yeats's own most successful controversial weapon. Or again to the wife of a Free State Minister: "O'Higgins was a statesman, Blythe is a statesman, Cosgrave is a statesman, but your husband is a white man through and through." Of De Valera he said that he was perhaps the most important Irish leader since Parnell, and then added acutely, "But he is honest enough to know that in politics complete honesty is impossible."

Both proud and humble

He was an interesting mixture of pride and humility. Of pride in the aristocratic and classical sense he was a perfect example, and this profound realization of his own importance, the value of his verse, and the ultimate value of his personality, not only because it was his but because it was human, contributed to the dignity of his later years. Yet his pride could on occasion degenerate into pettiness, and his humility was never entirely Christian. He was humble in his pursuit of wisdom and humble in acepting that violence which was necessary for the liberation of his country, although it destroyed so much that was dear to his patrician heart. But he had not the humility which comes from a consciousness of sin. In the summer of 1937 I was spending an evening with him in his charming house on the outskirts of Dublin and he remarked in that pontifical manner which was second nature to him: "I remember a

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Brahmin saying to me once, 'It's the ethical impulse which kills the ethical law.'" Yeats never had much liking for the ethical impulse.

It was said of him by a fellow countryman, sprung from that same Anglo-Irish stock, that he had a warm head and a cold heart. I believe this to be true. He had all the ardors of the imagination, but he lacked something of the fires of charity. He had the courage of the patriot and the concentration of the poet, but although he honored sanctity, he had not the simplicity of the saint. I often thought it strange that, living as he did among the Irish people, he should have imbibed everything from them but their spirituality. "The Irishman," he said, "is politically rebellious but spiritually docile," and I do not think he always distinguished between docility and devotion. It was the militant side of the national temperament which appealed to him.

Like Byron, he was a rebel aristocrat with a profound contempt for democracy and bourgeois values, and he especially liked his countrymen when they expressed themselves in direct action. He told me once of a conversation with an English peer at the Kildare Street Club of which he, Yeats, was characteristically a member. This gentleman was complaining in high Unionist fashion of the type of man the Irish constituencies sent to the Dail.

"Yes," agreed Yeats, turning his back, "I prefer a good honest gunman."

Yeats loved life and the exercise of shaping it; he liked natural, spontaneous people—peasants and great ladies. He detested the semi-educated and the vulgar with his whole capacity for intellectual scorn, and he waged unending war upon tyranny, obscurantism and patriotic ballyhoo. He wanted men to be personalities, not labels, and though you might question his charity, you could never impugn his courage.

Poetry was his absolute

The people and the politics he had known entered into his verse as it became more terse, contemporary and concrete. Some of his greatest lines were inspired by the death of Lady Gregory and the murder of Kevin O'Higgins. Yet poetry remained his absolute, and actuality was only its handmaid. There are some who will always prefer his earlier lyrics and dramas, like "Countess Cathleen" and "Inishfree," but there are others who find their mythology cloying and their melody a shade too facile. For my part I have no doubt that he reached his supremacy during the last decades of his life. The imagery of the later poems is more original and daring, the thought more subtle, the economy more dense, the music more varied. I do not think that the two versions of "Byzantium" have been surpassed in English poetry since Keats, nor do I think that anywhere, except in the best of Blake, has a genuine mystical intuition been given such unfaltering voice.

It has been said that Yeats's rejuvenation in his later years was due to a physical operation; but although that may have been the cause of his vigor and robustness in conversation, his renewed appetite for reality in sensuous forms, I am sure that the central inspiration of his verse went deeper. I do not think that his later poetry makes sense at all until you realize that a man who has always been in love with literature is now equally in love with life, and that for him to be in love with life is also to be in love with death. As his tastes became more concrete, his thoughts became more trancendental. His appetite for the things of time and for the things of immortality were as one.

He was always liable to drop illuminating remarks, and I can remember him saying that civilization reaches recurrent points where the human consciousness can no longer bear the sight of its own countenance "but must either return into the anonymity of the herd, or go forward into wisdom." He saw the crisis of humanism, and he made his pilgrimage alone, as every artist, and indeed every man, must do.

It has been said, with exact truth, that he posed. I never heard him discuss Baudelaire, but he was a perfect example of the "dandy" as Baudelaire defined that word. It was at once the burden and the privilege of the artist to make himself a mask, and I am sure that was why Yeats often reminded one of a great actor—and every great actor is a comedian. He wore a mask, beautiful and hieratic, which was his re-created self, and as you met him in the streets of Dublin—the city which he loved with an unsparing passion—you were reminded of Dante in the streets of Florence. You were also reminded of Swift. "For me," he said, "Swift is always round the corner."

They were of the same breed. Loving Ireland, yet not of her deepest soil, they knew her bitterness and envy, her beauty and her plight. The zeal with which they served her forced them both into an isolation more complete, because more tragic and necessary, than any of her conquerors; for, though not sharing in the fullness of Ireland's faith, both lived in the exploration of that truth, without which faith is an hypocrisy. The native aristocracy of each exempted them from the servility which is a natural consequence of oppression, and from the casuistries which servility engenders.

But Yeats survived to enjoy a universal triumph which he was too human not to appreciate and too sincere to have ever courted. Outside of Ireland his place is secure on Parnassus; but inside of it he would perhaps prefer a place in the memory of his people's soul. That soul is still the soul of the "folk," and its piety and his would be perfectly understood of one another.

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The Compleat Hitler

By **Harry Lorin Binsse**

THE SIMULTANEOUS publication of two complete editions of "Mein Kampf," coming from different publishing houses, affords the reading public one of those few occasions when one can be virtuous by doing what one prefers. One can buy the edition which pays legitimate royalties and still be buying the better book. For there is no question but what the Reynal and Hitchcock edition is better in every way than that published by Stackpole Sons, and I for one have no use for the morality which would deny an author his royalties on a technicality and because you don't like his point of view. This is precisely the case with the Stackpole edition. It is advertised as paying "no royalty to Adolph Hitler." Reynal and Hitchcock take the attitude that royalties are a "legitimate expense" and must be paid. A denial of literary property rights cannot be made in one instance without seriously affecting all literary property, and the long struggle for justice in these matters is a sufficiently recent thing to cause real alarm at any violation of the principles established as a result of that struggle.

To the best of my knowledge, reviewers have not called attention to the relative value of the two editions. They have seemingly been led astray by that strange desire for fairness which can work real injustice by hiding the truth.

Would it be laboring something well known to everyone if I were to point out that "Mein Kampf" is an intensely nationalistic book? Yet there is an implication to this that seems not to be generally understood. It would, as a direct consequence of its very nationalism, be almost unthinkable to present the book to that large American public which its notoriety guarantees it, without footnotes both of explanation and, occasionally, of correction. Explanation is needed because the whole intellectual climate in which Hitler grew up is, to almost all Americans, completely unknown. We are not yet, thank God, experts in the different breeds of anti-Semitism; the party politics of pre-war Austria mean nothing to us. As do also the party politics of post-war Germany. Yet it is with such things "Mein Kampf" largely deals. Then, too, because of the bias of the author, he on occasion makes statements or implies conditions which have no basis in fact. Yet how are we to know that they have no basis? Thus when he alleges that members of the German Reichstag, those parliamentary "bedbugs" for whom he has such scorn, were all cowards who kept as far as possible from the line of battle in the World War, a note stating the facts is essential.

To say that the annotations in one edition make it "more convenient" or more understandable is not enough. One must say categorically that to publish "Mein Kampf" without annotations, as in the case of the Stackpole edition, is to run the risk of making converts in this country, perhaps to Nazism, certainly to anti-Semitism. It should be added that the notes in the R. & H. edition are admirable.

Then there is the question of the translation. The Stackpole edition states: "The translation in this volume . . . has been made from the two-volume first edition of 'Mein Kampf.' . . ." This has been questioned in the columns of the *Publishers' Weekly* by Mr. H. L. Ripperger, himself associated with the preparation of the other edition. He points out that certain omissions and other internal evidence show "that this is not the case." However that may be, there can be little question that the Stackpole translation is not as good as the R. & H. from the point of view of English and, I suspect, of accuracy—certainly of clarity. Let us compare the translations of the first and last sentences of the book; they do not supply conclusive evidence, but they give an indication of the difference:

Reynal and Hitchcock:

> Today I consider it my good fortune that Fate designated Braunau on the Inn as the place of my birth.
>
> . . .
>
> Let the adherents of our movement never forget this, should ever the greatness of the sacrifice lead them to a fearful comparison with the possible triumph.

Stackpole:

> Today I regard it as a happy change that Fate chose Braunau on the Inn as my birthplace.
>
> . . .
>
> May the adherents of our movement never forget this, if the magnitude of the sacrifices should ever induce them to make an anxious comparison with the possible success.

It is unfortunate that the undue haste made necessary by competition forced both publishers to skimp a little on their proof-reading, though this will doubtless be corrected in subsequent editions. But there is one further respect in which the R. & H. edition is better. It contains about 80,000 words of notes and twenty-five more pages of text than the Stackpole edition, and yet it weighs nearly a quarter of a pound less, is less bulky, and has a smaller format.

The book itself

But what about the book itself, quite apart from the merits of two competing publishing ventures?

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It is hard to say much on this subject that has not been said before, and it would be tedious to attempt to reproduce in condensed form the gist of what Hitler says. Indeed it is a question in my mind whether any such attempt would be worth trying, for I do not believe that any shortened text could convey the force of the book. That was the trouble with the earlier, abridged edition.

The cumulative effect of the original was greatly impaired by such shortening. There are some things we have to be told a dozen times before we absorb them. Thus to say that peace is the enemy of civilization and that only in war can humanity reach its fulfilment is to say something against which our minds are conditioned by two thousand years of tradition. We see the words; we know what they mean, word by word. But we still are impervious to the idea. Only after a long bombardment, after continuous battering is a breach made in the walls of our minds, and we begin truly to realize what the idea means. Of course Hitler himself, in his discussion of propaganda, has said all this. Repetition, perseverance, simple ideas—these are the essence of successful propaganda. And "Mein Kampf" is not an autobiography, a tract in a vacuum. It is, itself, a piece of propaganda.

So "Mein Kampf" should be read, and read whole. It is a terrific job, requiring much patience, although the job is not quite so difficult as you might imagine. Even in translation, even read by a person not of German tradition, the book has a certain hypnotic power which helps you over the seeming endlessness of it.

The book should be read, since reading it—unless it lead an untough mind into agreement—at least will make everyone aware of what it is we are dealing with in National Socialism. Too many people have confused the movement with mere conservatism, with anti-Semitism, with the fight against Communism, or democracy. It is all of these things, but it is something more than all this. Hitler himself points out that one can only successfully destroy a faith by introducing another faith.

No. As I see it, the whole point of "Mein Kampf," the point which we have all been missing, is simply a complete adherence in human and political matters to belief in nature red in tooth and claw. When was it that we heard that "Might makes right"? Were we not told during the war that this was, in substance, the motto of the Kaiser? Hitler acknowledges his debt to Allied propaganda as a specimen of how propaganda should be conducted. Perhaps we have here a chicken come home to roost. In any case there can be no denying that that is the basis of Hitler's belief. At last the popularization of Darwin's survival of the fittest is successful, just as science begins increasingly to doubt its validity!

Now if you are a patriot and have a great feeling for what you believe to be your race and your country, and then become convinced that it is the inexorable law of nature that to the victor *rightly* belong the spoils, that all life is a battle for existence and that the only people which deserves to survive is the people best able to impose its will upon others, what will be the result, in action? It will be National Socialism. And if you carry all this to its logical conclusion, certain things inexorably will happen. You will be anti-Semitic, because the Jews are not a part of your people. You will become in time anti-Christian, because Christianity insists upon self-restraint rather than endless self-aggrandizement. You will grab what you want, regardless of treaties, promises, or honor. And with such a philosophy, you conceive as the final boundary of your people—the limits of the globe.

It has been suggested that "Mein Kampf" supplies a blue-print for the future policy of Germany. This can be said only in the broadest sense. The book makes it amply clear that for its author there is only one good: the expansion of Germany. But he does not even pretend that one can tell beforehand in what particular direction one is next going to expand. Obviously the gathering together of all Germans into one Reich is the first step. But thereafter expediency alone is the guide, so long as one bears ever in mind the necessity for endless expansion. It is a simple game to play, if your opponents are all fools enough to be troubled with morals and, best of all, are crippled by having to deal with internal opposition not merely by stopping it at the source (propaganda) but also by persuasion and a silly adherence to democratic—or even constitutional—procedure. It is like a football player who scores a touchdown with the help of a machine gun.

But that simile has to be developed a step further. If such a thing should happen in a football game, the police would very quickly intervene. What is to be done in this case? Should the police intervene, as all communists and many liberals insist they should? That is a procedure infinitely charged with danger of injustice and tragedy. It seems to me there is another way, and that is to restrict economic relations with the machine gun artist as much as seems desirable and to let the game continue until nature ends it. Unlimited expansionism never has worked. It either loses momentum, or becomes too large to retain its cohesion, or it bumps into a rival expander. And this pacific policy might allow what is good in National Socialism to survive. As always in such cases one's choice should be based upon prudence and upon an avoidance of evil means. But on one thing all can be agreed, that it is our duty to understand properly what one faces. There is no better instructor on this subject than "Mein Kampf."

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Henry Adams Sees His Shadow

Henry Adams wistfully looked forward to the great civilization of 1938. If he had returned in that golden year this is probably what he would have written about it.

By **John Abbot Clark**

"EDUCATION had ended for all three, and only beyond some remoter horizon could its values be fixed or renewed. Perhaps some day—say 1938, their centenary—they might be allowed to return together for a holiday. . . ." Thus had Adams concluded the "Education"; and had not certain well-meaning strangers been at such droll pains to supply a postscript to the least satisfactory but two of all his books, he would never have permitted his calm to be disturbed.

Multiplicity had been the theme of the "Education," and unity, or what might serve for unity in the twentieth century, the desideratum. Like most of his generation, Adams had taken the word of science that the new unit (replacing Amiens Cathedral and the works of Thomas Aquinas of the "Chartres") was as good as found. He passed sixty years waiting for it, and at the end of that time was led to think that the final synthesis of science and its ultimate triumph was the kinetic theory of gases.

Coming back toward the end of 1938, Adams was told on good authority that the latest "ultimate" triumph of science was an impressive variety of poison gases. Adams had noted in the "Education" that the scientific synthesis commonly called unity was the scientific analysis commonly called multiplicity; that science had been crowded so close to the edge of the abyss that its attempts to escape were as metaphysical as the leap. And he was grimly pleased to learn that he had spoken more accurately for 1938 than for 1900. That least enticing of all forms of pessimism, the metaphysical, seemed to be tying contemporary man into knots; while science, Adams had been informed, was conceitedly doing likewise to itself. Late nineteenth-century theories and pretensions of science seemed to be leading the nominally civilized world into a state of complexity and despair that, unless soon checked, could be resolved only by a lapse into the most elemental type of unity known to history. Europe appeared to have salvaged from the post-war wreckage merely the blind animal will to live, an objective to be attained mainly through killing and enslaving. Adams had observed earlier that Europe since 1871, in her sideway track to dis-Europeanizing herself, had ceased to be violent; but his inclination to optimism had betrayed him.

Mr. Roosevelt's America

It was up to Mr. Roosevelt's America, Adams felt, to expose the cruel futility of both anarchy and its inescapable corollary, tyranny. But America in 1938 seemed to be bordering dangerously on the parlous—bewildered, discouraged; plans and panaceas without direction, without much apparent regard for either the underlying causes of our troubles or the ultimate ends of human life. A hand-to-mouth philosophy of statesmanship was about all Henry Adams could discern behind the ceaseless flow of political pronouncements.

Adams did not have to visit breadlines in New York City or WPA projects in Detroit to get at the crux of the American problem. Adams knew—what too many intelligent Americans had either forgotten or become self-consciously reticent about—that the crisis of unemployment and all it portended was not the problem, but only the painfully obvious symptom of it. The problem was private morality, multiplied a hundred-and-thirty-million-fold, and manifesting itself as national confusion, widespread irresponsibility in high places and in low, group hate, class greed, and a blanketing atmosphere of day-to-day uncertainty. The men of wealth and power in the America of 1938 would have been much more at home in his nineteenth century than he could ever be in their twentieth. Either "America's Sixty Families" (one of the few understatements in Mr. Lundberg's book, Adams was told) will change their ways and outlooks, or America's twelve million unemployed will change America's. Neither wails emanating from directors' meetings nor mealy talk of "balancing the human budget" sounded like clarion calls to Adams. It was not the business of government to protect its citizens from themselves; it was the business of government to protect decent, country-loving men and women from the depredations of the selfish and unprincipled of whatever class.

Non-existent education

Coming back to the America of 1938, which presented anything but a reassuring spectacle to a centenary visitor, appeared to be serving one useful purpose, anyway. Adams was fairly sure, now, that failing to get an education in the nineteenth century was clearly preferable to getting one, or what all too unquestioningly passes for one, in the

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fourth decade of the twentieth. American education was appallingly bad in Adams's time; it seemed to be non-existent in 1938. He had once remarked that nothing in education was so astonishing as the amount of ignorance it accumulated in the form of inert facts; now nothing seemed more astonishing than the myriad number of facts accumulated in the form of dynamic ignorance. Men like Flexner and Hutchins were more likely to achieve martyrdom than to regain for American education the measure of integrity it once had. Adams could only wonder about a country in which even the modest Jeffersonian ideal of natural aristocracy had been forgotten or perverted. The words of Bolingbroke came to mind:

> When one sees the care, the pains, the constant diligence that went to form the great men of antiquity, we wonder that there were not more of them; and when we reflect on the education of youth in our day, we are astonished that a single man arises who is capable of being useful to his country.

Reading and hearing a few professional educationists caused Adams to regret that he had treated President Grant, among others, so brutally. Thirty or forty years is a long time to hold one's fire; but to Adams it now seemed a pity that he hadn't. The so-called progressive educators, Adams saw, were selling out the democratic idea to a muckerism that history in its sentimental interludes would probably refer to as tragic.

Although the outlook for American education was generally agreed to be dark, there were occasional rifts. That Professor Gilson's lecture, "Medieval Universalism," had graced the Harvard Tercentenary exercises pleased and fascinated Adams; and after reading it, he recalled saying somewhere in the "Education" that the universe of Thomas Aquinas seemed rather more scientific than that of Haeckel or Ernst Mach; that science had seemed content, in 1900, with its "larger synthesis," which was well enough for science, but which meant chaos for man.

The fetish of unreason

When Adams was writing the "Education," the new psychology seemed convinced—and almost had him convinced—that the only absolute truth was the subconscious chaos below. And, as he had then observed, one would have been glad to stop and ask no more, but the anarchist bomb bade one go on, and the bomb is a powerful persuader. Adams was disappointed to find the American intellectuals (a term new to him) of 1938 far more susceptible to the bomb-psychology and the purge-ideology of fascism and communism than to the philosophy of Professor Gilson. These present-day intellectuals were exactly what anyone even dimly aware of the condition of American education would expect them to be: thoroughgoing, rabidly conscientious anti-intellectuals. Sampling their tracts (when the jargon, the cant, and the jaunty over-simplifications didn't preclude it), Adams mused on the taste and standards of later publishers; reading their daily columns, he was puzzled about the fuss that used to be made over Sainte-Beuvre's monastic devotion to journalistic duty; hearing them a very few times on the air, he wondered how many vulgar channelings of blind atomic forces the world might yet endure.

In the past, intellectuals had often flouted intelligence and common sense; but never before, to Adams's knowledge, had the educated classes of a society made a fetish of unreason. Most American intellectuals in 1938 were zealously denying the freedom of the will; and with a drive and energy of will that humanely directed could, Adams was positive, move real mountains, they supported their dogmas of determinism and their materialistic philosophies of history by restricting individual choice to such chopping-block alternatives as communism or fascism. Henry George once observed that when a people is corrupted tinkering with the mechanisms of government is of no avail. The communist "intellectuals" were insanely bent, it seemed to Adams, on liquidating (the term was not his, of course) what remains of democracy and setting up the dictatorship of a proletarian dictator. And after all vices, all unsocial ambitions and desires are eliminated from human nature, the dictator will officially declare the country to be in a state of classlessness and quietly depart, leaving his subjects to their naturally humane, wholly democratic devices.

It struck Adams that history had often taken longer turns around Robin Hood's barn, but, never, more disingenuous ones. The equally strident advocates of fascism for America differed from the communists only in being more blunt and unromantic about the actual nature of dictatorships and the inevitable pattern of slave states. Their metaphysics was more realistic and their ethics less pretentious and self-delusory. Adams had a sneaking suspicion—a hunch, nothing more—that influential organs of enlightened public opinion like the *Nation* and the *New Republic* were opposed to fascism; and after reading Mr. Reinhold Niebuhr's article on Russia and Karl Marx, and Mr. Malcolm Cowley's review of the latest Russian trials, he was dead sure that these journals were opposed to communism. Taking their cues from such writers as those just mentioned, Adams believed that American intellectuals should begin to function as if they were conscious of the fact that there was still time to get a forgotten party's name restored to a place on the American ballot, namely, Constitutional Democracy.

Adams hoped that Americans, rich or poor, intellectual or non-intellectual, employed or unemployed, would recall before the coming of the insects the advice of his friend, Theodore Roosevelt:

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> Ruin faces us . . . if we permit ourselves to be misled by any empirical or academic consideration into refusing to exert the common power of the community where only collective action can do what individualism has left undone, or can remedy the wrongs done by an unrestricted and ill-regulated individualism. There is any amount of evil in our social and industrial conditions of today, and unless we recognize this fact and try resolutely to do what we can to remedy the evil, we run great risk of seeing men in their misery turn to the false teachers whose doctrines would indeed lead them to greater misery, but who do at least recognize the fact that they are now miserable.

As a young man, Adams had written to his brother Charles: "Our people are educated enough intellectually, but it's damned superficial and only makes them more wilful; our task, so far as we attempt a public work, is to blow up sophistry and jam hard down on morality." And now, as an old man, Adams could only remind the American intellectuals of a task that is never finished. His fingers had once itched to sting America (and especially Boston) into impropriety; he now longed to see her mentors sting her into decency and sense.

Ring Lardner—kin of Socrates

After hearing about the play "Tobacco Road," reading a few of the significant novels like "Of Mice and Men," and several pages of a book called "A World I Never Made," Adams decided that the war against propriety had been won. Had he not spent so much time reading and re-reading Mr. Hemingway's catalogue-of-the-yachts scene in that truly sensitive gentleman's last novel, he might have had a little more time for trying to catch up with American literature (he was taking Mr. Santayana's only novel back with him). Adams had counted strongly on enjoying the writings of Mr. H. L. Mencken, but reading him in his later phase reminded Adams of the snowball fights on Boston Common when occasionally one of the boys was pretty badly cut up by a stone concealed in the ball.

There were a few compensations, though, for old-fashioned persons (Adams had always been one of them) living in the America of 1938. Two of them were the Messrs. Thurber and White. The third was the late Ring Lardner. Socrates, who might not have cared very much for Americans, would surely have claimed all three as kin. Harvard might have conferred Tercentenary degrees upon Mr. Thurber and Mr. White; but she would have surprised Adams if she had. Lardner struck Adams as our closest approach to a Swift. That Mr. Sinclair Lewis had taken precedence over him as a satirist annoyed Adams. He liked to think that some of the portraits Lardner drew were exaggerated, but he never succeeded in doing so for very long. At a party which was later embalmed in *Life,* and which, incidentally, was just as savorless as those he had encountered in Boston or Washington seventy years earlier, he remarked to a Mr. Broun that Lardner was the country's only sports writer who had ever had any business commentating on politics and things in general. And, if Adams remembers correctly, the gentleman had graciously concurred.

But enough. Adams had no heart for prolonging his anniversary tour of the distressed areas of American thought and culture in this year of 1938. He had been neither shocked nor impressed. He was sure of but one thing: the theme of the "Education" having been the progression from unity and multiplicity, and incomplete and displeasing to him as the book was, Adams was glad, nevertheless, than he had not waited until 1938 to write it. Doing so now would be out of the question. The Law of Diminishing Returns operates even more inexorably in the field of historical source materials than in economics. Had he waited until his centenary, Adams would have been like the scholar who knew so much about the Middle Ages that he could never bring himself to use the word "medieval," let alone write anything on the subject; and the "Education," instead of taking imperfect form as a detailed record of disillusionment, would in all likelihood have remained an unuttered prayer to the New Deal.

So far as Adams could see, there were no reasons and no attractions to give point to his staying on. No reasons because the American people were beyond saving if they had sunk so low that the obvious was no longer visible; no attractions because Adams tired quickly of looking at picture magazines, reading acknowledged thinkers who counseled direct-action solutions for all problems, and listening to molders of American culture whose God-intended spheres of activity were plainly behind the plow or covering society items for the Boston *Evening Transcript.* Had he dared, Adams would have liked to remind the American people that being worried and being serious were not necessarily one and the same. America had always taken tragedy lightly; but there was a possibility that today she might be taking it lightly for the last time.

The Flushing Exposition would be opening soon, and Adams felt it was time to go. Perhaps some day—say 2038, their bicentenary—he and his friends might be allowed to return (this time together) for a holiday, to see the mistakes of their own lives and those of the America of 1938 made clear in the light of the mistakes of their successors; and perhaps then, for the first time since man began his education among the carnivores, they would find a world that had for a brief period reverted to the antheap or the jungle, but which had later fought back to a level of human existence that sensitive and timid nature could regard without a shudder.

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Catholic Education in Tokyo

For centuries the Jesuits have struggled against almost insurmountable difficulties in Japan. The Tokyo Catholic University is a monument to their labors.

By **Johannes Laures, S.J.**

FOR NEARLY 400 years education has been an essential part of the apostolate of the Society of Jesus, in Europe and America as well as in the foreign missions. The remarkable success of the Jesuit missionaries during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries in Japan was due, to no small extent, to their various colleges and schools in that country. Tragically these flourishing missions were destroyed by fire and sword during a persecution of more than half a century and in 1639 Japan was absolutely closed to foreign missionaries. More than 200 years elapsed before Commodore Perry forced admission of foreign ships into the ports of Nippon. A few years later, missionaries also were admitted, although another persecution was to come before the government would allow the people to embrace the Christian religion.

It was almost another half-century before the Jesuits were recalled to Japan. During the years 1903-1905 the Reverend Joseph Dahlmann, S.J., who undertook a scientific expedition to the Far East, was the first Jesuit to set his foot on Japanese soil for nearly three centuries. Upon his return to Europe, he had an interview with Cardinal Merry del Val who asked him about the prospects of a Catholic university in the Japanese capital. Moreover, the Cardinal arranged for an audience of Father Dahlmann with Pope Pius X. At the end of the audience His Holiness asked Father Dahlmann: "Tu fuisti in Japonia?" (You have been in Japan?). "Ita, Sanctissime Pater" (Yes, Your Holiness). Then the Pope added in a solemn prophetical tone: "Et tu redibis in Japoniam" (And you will go back to Japan).

During the following year Cardinal O'Connell (at the time Bishop of Portland) went as a legate of the Holy Father to Japan to thank His Majesty the Emperor for his protection of the Catholic missionaries during the Russo-Japanese War. Soon after his return to Rome the Holy Father charged the General of the Society of Jesus, the Very Reverend Francis X. Wernz, S.J., with the foundation of a Catholic University in the Japanese capital.[1] Fathers Rockliff, Boucher and Dahlmann on October 18, 1908, landed at Yokohama, proceeded to Tokyo and began the preparations for their great project. Yet it was to take five more years before it could be carried out. At last, after overcoming countless difficulties, Father Hermann Hoffman, S.J., succeeded in opening the university with twenty students in the spring of 1913, and became its first president. The new institute had two faculties: literature-philosophy and commerce. In the following year a stately building was erected, and from then on the number of students steadily increased.

Blessed with the cross

Thus one might have expected a peaceful and harmonious development of the new foundation, but in reality it was blessed with the cross as perhaps few Catholic schools have ever been. The World War might have swept it away altogether because the majority of the Fathers were German nationals or Americans of German extraction. Happily the Japanese government showed a most chivalrous attitude by allowing them practically perfect liberty. Yet the war prevented the sending of more teachers from Germany, while the substantial funds collected shortly before the outbreak of the war were held in Germany and, in the post-war inflation, reduced to nothing. Hence the university faced a serious financial problem.

At the outset the Catholic University had been chartered, like all private institutes of higher learning in Japan, as a *Semmongakko* (i.e., school of special higher learning) and not as a university properly so called. To obtain a university charter it was necessary to deposit funds in the form of national bonds in the treasury so as to give guarantee for academic standards in staff and equipment. For the first faculty 500,000 yen were required and for each additional faculty 100,000 additional. If the Catholic University was to fulfil its high mission it was evident that it would have to secure a university charter.

The Fathers had begun to collect the necessary funds when suddenly disaster struck again. The great Kento earthquake of September 1, 1923, weakened the university building so badly that the two upper floors had to be torn down. The ground floor with a light wooden second floor hastily set up had to serve for years as a university building. The Fathers continued to ask funds for the purpose of obtaining a university charter and finally

[1] Following the strong recommendation of Bishop O'Connell. —The Editors.

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in 1928 it was granted. Two years later the corner-stone was laid. In 1932 the new buildings were opened.

Meanwhile language courses, extension courses and a summer school had been added. Moreover, the faculty of commerce had been enlarged by a department of economics and English literature was added. Thus one might have expected a prosperous future especially since the number of students more than trebled after 1928. But the "Shrine Problem" soon threatened the very existence of the school. Catholics had not been allowed to take part in the ceremonies at the national shrines because it was believed that they were of a religious character. For many years the authorities had been shutting their eyes to this attitude of the Church, but an open conflict was inevitable.

On the very day of the dedication of the new buildings of the Catholic University, three of its students refused to bow before the warriers' memorial shrine at Tokyo. Fearful of consequent political offense, the ecclesiastical authorities asked the Minister of Education for an official declaration as to the character of the ceremonies at the national shrines. It was then officially declared that these ceremonies were to be considered nothing but a manifestation of patriotism without any religious significance whatever. Thereupon the bishops allowed Catholics to take part in them, and the difficulty seemed to be done away with. A few months later, however, the whole affair was taken up in the press; articles in all the papers accused Catholics, particularly the Catholic University, of a lack of patriotism. As a result, the number of students decreased during the next two years to less than half the enrolment of 1932. At last the dispute was settled amicably. From the spring of 1935 on, the number of admissions began to increase so that in three years the enrolment had returned to the level of 1932. And there are other reasons why the future looks promising.

The promising future

First of all, the Catholic Church is being better understood and this not the least for its strong stand against communism. Moreover, the impartial and fair attitude of Catholics all over the world with regard to the China conflict has favorably impressed the Japanese people. The heroism of Catholic missionaries in the occupied districts of China has won for the Catholic Church the respect and admiration of the Japanese military class. At present there is, for example, no more popular figure in the Japanese press than Father Jacquinot, S.J., a French missionary at Shanghai, who by his charitable activity among the Chinese refugees has won the hearts of the Japanese people. Again and again his picture appears in the papers. The realization that the Catholic missionary is the most faithful friend of the Chinese people, Catholic as well as non-Catholic, will have most favorable repercussions upon public opinion in Japan with regard to the Catholic missions in that country.

Two great scientific ventures of the Catholic University promise to become most powerful helps to the Catholic missions in the Land of the Rising Sun, the "Japanese Catholic Encyclopedia" and the scientific periodical *Monumenta Nipponica*. "The Catholic Encyclopedia" was begun at the express order of Pius XI who followed its progress with the keenest interest and most generously bestowed on it his material help. The first volume is due this year, and the other three are to follow at intervals of six months each. *Monumenta Nipponica,* the first number of which appeared on January 1, 1938, is a strictly scientific semi-annual on Japanology. Its special feature is the history of the ancient missions in Japan, the so-called "era of the martyrs," but other cultural topics are dealt with too. Among the contributors are the best-known Japanologists, first-class Japanese scholars, noted missiologists and members of the teaching staff of the university. The *Monumenta Nipponica* has won the sympathy of the Japanese people who gratefully acknowledge its important service to Japanese culture, and it commands the respect and appreciation of scholars abroad as a noteworthy scientific publication of a Catholic institution.

Another sign of the growing importance of the Catholic University is the middle school it established in Kobe in the spring of 1938. The number of applicants was no less than 700, of whom only the 140 best students could be selected, so that the future of this new foundation would seem to surpass even the boldest expectations. The fact that it has already experienced a very keen trial during its first year may be taken as proof that it is a genuine offspring of a parent institution which has been blessed so conspicuously with the Cross. The great flood of July 5, 1938, hit the Kobe middle school most severely. Happily no human life was lost and the building remained structurally intact, but as a result of landslides the campus was covered with thousands of tons of rubbish, rocks and trunks of uprooted trees so that the ground floor of the building was embedded inside and outside up to the half height of the windows, and the road leading up to the school was changed into a ravine. The material damage amounted to $25,000. Nevertheless, the Fathers enjoyed the great sympathy and helpfulness of the students and their parents as well as of outside friends and benefactors. Class work had to be interrupted for a short time, but was resumed in September.

An impressive celebration

On November 1 the Catholic University celebrated its silver jubilee. Because of the critical

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times (Chinese conflict) the celebration was simple, but appropriate and impressive. The Minister of Education sent his representative, and the Ambassadors of four great countries (Germany, Italy, Poland and Belgium) appeared in person to enhance the solemnity of the celebration. The president, Father Hermann Heuvers, S.J., in a short address welcomed the high dignitaries. Father Tsuchihashi, S.J., chancellor of the university, spoke on the history of the institution and Professor Sakaeda paid homage to the deceased members of the teaching staff. Then followed a message from the Minister of Education, who warmly congratulated the university on its jubilee and expressed the hope that it would generously cooperate with the authorities during the coming years of hardship and sacrifice. The German Ambassador paid high tribute to the cultural pioneer work of the university and particularly to the endurance and energy of the late president, Father Hermann Hoffmann, S.J. At the end of the celebration three professors who have been working at the university from its very foundation received a special diploma and a gift as a token of gratitude for their faithful service.

The history of the Catholic University in Japan may be considered characteristic of missionary work in Japan in general. It has been full of sufferings, trials and hardships, but these are a clear mark of God's special blessing, and nothing that is truly great is ever accomplished without great sacrifice. It must be borne in mind that present mission work in Japan is pioneer work and that the time of harvest has not as yet come. The very fact that the Catholic Church is able to maintain a university of high reputation in Japan, in spite of numberless odds and difficulties, is in itself a great honor worth many a sacrifice. Moreover, there is gratifying evidence that the Catholic University and the Catholic Church in general will become an increasingly important factor in the cultural life of the Japanese people.

It would seem that there could be no more ideal organization for welding together East and West than a Catholic institution in which eastern and western scholars are cooperating for the ideal of Catholic education of Japanese youths. "The Catholic Encyclopedia" will give intelligent Japanese first-hand knowledge of things Catholic, and *Monumenta Nipponica* will give to the West all that is best in Japanese culture, in the most scholarly fashion by men who truly love the Japanese people and devote their lives and their talents to them, and by Japanese scholars who have a genuine appreciation of all that is good and noble in western civilization. If by their joint efforts East and West should come to an understanding of their mutual ideals, the sacrifices on the part of Catholic educators in Japan would be more than justified.

Half a Hundred Spring Books

WE ARE presenting herewith a list of about fifty books published between January 1 and March 30 which we feel represents the cream of what has appeared so far this spring. Naturally, there are many omissions. Most of them are based on a consideration of each book's relative importance. We may well have missed some very fine things, but at least we know that what is included in the list is valuable and interesting, although it may not in every case be edifying. Each book has a brief sentence of description attached to it; and if it has been reviewed in THE COMMONWEAL reference is made to the date of the issue in which the review appeared.

Fiction.

A GOOD HOME WITH NICE PEOPLE. By Josephine Lawrence. Little, Brown. $2.50. (March 17.) A light novel dealing largely with the servant problem.

DEATH OF THE HEART. By Elizabeth Bowen. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50. (February 24.) A novel of human relationships which makes little concession to popular tastes.

ROPE OF GOLD. By Josephine Herbst. Harcourt, Brace. $2.50. (March 10.) A powerful novel written from a materialist-humanitarian point of view.

SEASONED TIMBER. By Dorothy Canfield. Harcourt, Brace. $2.50. (March 17.) Fascism visits Vermont. Written with Dorothy Canfield's usual intelligence.

AMATEURS IN ARMS. By F. J. Joseph. Carrick & Evans. $2.50. (March 17.) A well-fictionalized document on the munitions trade.

SONS OF THE PURITANS. By Don Marquis. Doubleday, Doran. $2.50. A predominantly theological novel not finished before the author's death. Unfortunately, the theology involved represents a very narrow Protestantism, but the book is beautifully written. (To be reviewed later.)

THE LAND IS BRIGHT. By Archie Binns. Scribner's. $2.50. (Reviewed in this issue.)

THE SWORD IN THE STONE. By T. H. White. Putnam. $2.50. (March 10.) A riotous fantasy, full of invention and wit.

HERSELF: MRS. PATRICK CROWLEY. By Doran Hurley. Longmans, Green. $2.00. Another Hurley.

Biography.

FROM UNION SQUARE TO ROME. By Dorothy Day. Preservation of the Faith Press. $1.50. (February 10.) The autobiography of one of the challenging figures of our times in America.

DAYS OF OUR YEARS. By Pierre Van Paassen. Hillman-Curl. $3.50. (February 17.) A vivid and interesting account of experiences as a journalist all over the world. Violently anti-Fascist and somewhat anti-Catholic.

HIS HOLINESS POPE PIUS XI. By Monsignor M. Fontenelle. Sherwood Press. $3.50. (March 10.) The most recent life of the late Pope written in a spirit of Gallic enthusiasm.

MY DAY IN COURT. By Arthur Train. Scribner's. $3.50. (March 17.) A charming autobiography of a justly popular writer.

THE ART OF CEZANNE. By Albert C. Barnes and Violette de Mazia. Harcourt, Brace. $5.00. A work which may become standard in its field.

MEIN KAMPF. By Adolph Hitler. Reynal & Hitchcock. Stackpole Sons. $3.00. (Reviewed in this issue.)

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MY LIFE AND HISTORY. By Berta Szeps. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.00. (March 24.) One of the most moving of recent books on Austria and its tragic history.

THE LETTERS OF T. E. LAWRENCE. Edited by David Garnett. Doubleday, Doran. $5.00. Everyone interested in this romantic figure will want to possess these volumes.

A DIARY OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION. By Gouverneur Morris. Houghton Mifflin. Two volumes. $9.00. An extremely important historical document.

SURVIVAL. By D. Fedotoff White. University of Pennsylvania Press. $3.00. A Russian writes, more than twenty years after the event, of his experiences in war, revolution and counter-revolution. The book is one of the best of its sort that has yet appeared.

THE SAGA OF CIMBA. By Richard Maury. Harcourt, Brace. $2.50. (Reviewed in this issue.)

History.

THE ARAB AWAKENING. By George Antonius. Lippincott. $3.00. (February 17.) A book which must be read if anyone wishes to understand the Arab point of view, particularly with reference to the present disutrbances in Palestine.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION. By E. L. Higgins. Houghton Mifflin. $3.50. (February 24.) An extremely useful volume intended to give a picture of the revolution entirely from documents of the day.

TUDOR PURITANISM. By M. M. Knappan. University of Chicago Press. $4.00. (March 10.) A most unusual and valuable special study in a field which is particularly interesting in view of America's Puritan tradition.

THE VATICAN AS A WORLD POWER. By Joseph Bernhart. Longmans, Green. $4.00. (March 17.) A concise history and interpretation of the Papacy.

WHEN THERE IS NO PEACE. By Hamilton Fish Armstrong. Macmillan. $1.75. (February 24.) An excellent day-by-day account of the Munich crisis and the events that lead up to it.

PARADISE PLANTERS. By Katherine Burton. Longmans, Green. $2.50. Brook Farm, beginning, middle and end.

WORLD COMMUNISM. By F. Borkenau. Norton. $3.75. (Reviewed in this issue.)

Philosophy and Psychology.

THE PROBLEM OF HISTORICAL KNOWLEDGE. By Maurice Mandelbaum. Liveright. $3.50. (January 27.) An inquiry into the meaning and philosophy of history.

BIOLOGY AND CHRISTIAN BELIEF. By W. Osborne Greenwood. Macmillan. $1.75. (February 10.) A treatment of the philosophical basis of contemporary biological thought from a Christian point of view, by a Protestant biologist.

SELF-IMPROVEMENT. By Rudolf Allers. Benziger. $2.50. A Catholic psychologist of note gives us some more good counsel.

THE HUMAN CARAVAN. By Jean du Plessis. Sheed and Ward. $3.00. A Catholic philosophizes on the course of history.

Contemporary Social Problems.

JOBS FOR ALL. By Mordecai Ezekiel. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.00. (February 24.) An exposition of his economic hopes by a prominent New Dealer.

THE ADMINISTRATIVE PROCESS. By James M. Landis. Yale University Press. $2.00. (March 17.) The dean of one of our leading law schools discusses a problem of importance.

DEMOCRACY HAS ROOTS. By M. L. Wilson. Carrick & Evans. $1.75. (March 10.) The relation of the soil to our form and ideal of government.

THE NEW WESTERN FRONT. By Stuart Chase. Harcourt, Brace. $1.50. A thoroughly competent brief for American isolationism.

BEYOND POLITICS. By Christopher Dawson. Sheed and Ward. $1.50. An English Catholic historian meditates upon the contemporary European political scene.

THE SOCIAL AND POLITICAL DOCTRINES OF CONTEMPORARY EUROPE. By Michael J. Oakeshott. Macmillan. $3.50. An English writer on political science analyzes the "isms," and presents a number of salient documents connected with them.

Literature.

THE FAMILY REUNION. By T. S. Eliot. Harcourt, Brace. $1.50. A play written in verse, which is at times of the very highest quality and is never dull. It is a little difficult to know exactly what it is all about, but it is well worth trying to find out. (To be reviewed.)

RECUSANT POETS. By Louise Imogene Guiney. Sheed and Ward. $6.00. (March 24.) The first volume of a long-deferred collection of the works of English poets who continued the Faith of their fathers.

COLLECTED POEMS. By Robert P. Tristram Coffin. Macmillan. $3.00.

ALL IN ONE BREATH. By David Morton. Macmillan. $1.50.

POEMS. By Eileen Duggan. Macmillan. $1.75. The English edition of this volume was reviewed in THE COMMONWEAL last spring. It is now published in this country, as indicated above.

SELECTED POEMS. By Sister M. Madeleva. Macmillan. $1.75.

IN DEFENSE OF LETTERS. By Georges Duhamel. Greystone Press. $2.75. (March 24.) The French novelist and critic defends the value of books for their primary importance to civilization.

Science.

INTERNATIONAL ENCYCLOPEDIA OF UNIFIED SCIENCE. University of Chicago Press. Those interested in the underlying tendencies in modern scientific thought, both in the social sciences and in the pure sciences, will find this monumental serial work significant and useful. Not recommended for general reading.

LANDMARKS IN MEDICINE. Introduction by J. A. Miller, M.D. Appleton-Century. $2.00. Medical history for the layman.

Religion.

RESTORING ALL THINGS. Edited by Paul McGuire and John Fitzsimons. Sheed and Ward. $2.00. (Reviewed in this issue.)

AT YOUR EASE IN THE CATHOLIC CHURCH. By Mary Perkins. Sheed and Ward. $2.00. (January 27.) An informal handbook on eiquette in many Catholic matters.

Miscellaneous.

GYPSIES. By Martin Block. Appleton-Century. $3.50. (February 24.) An excellent account of the world's most persistent nomads.

UNSOLVED MYSTERIES OF THE ARCTIC. By Vilhjalmar Stefansson. Macmillan. $3.50. (March 3.) Thrilling true stories of unsolved mysteries, together with probable solutions supplied by a man who should best be able to guess at them.

PHAIDON PRESS SERIES. The Oxford University Press continues to issue new volumes in the Phaidon Press Series. The latest is a volume on El Greco. Others to be published this spring will be Rodin, Rubens, the paintings of Michelangelo, the sculptures of Michelangelo, Botticelli, Cézanne, and the Art of Glass. Fine gift books at amazingly low prices.

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Views & Reviews

BY MICHAEL WILLIAMS

IF THIS was a news report—and indeed it is something of the sort—it would begin with the formula, "Vatican City, March 3rd." However, the date line, even out of its usual place, will be sufficient to indicate what my last comments have led those readers who are good enough to follow me in these pages to expect, viz., that at last I am deeply engaged in the work for which I was so hurriedly commandeered by the trustful editor of that great newspaper, our own New York *Times*.

If the work for the *Times* is important, so too—at least for me—is my work for THE COMMONWEAL. But it must not be taken amiss if I confess to the difficulty attached to this latter job, at least under present circumstances.

Even those whose daily bread is not dependent upon the trade of journalism may appreciate my present bewilderment, which as a supposedly hard-boiled veteran of the press I do my best ordinarily to conceal, at my sudden transition from quiet and solitude into the midst of activity. For more than a year I had been living in my rural home in Connecticut, rarely venturing forth to revisit the scenes of my busy years in nearby New York, and spending far more time with my favorite books than with the newspapers, which for many years it had been one of my principal jobs to follow. Now I am suddenly plunged again into the very center of the whirling rush of one of the really big news stories of our highly news-conscious age—an experience familiar of old but not of late.

Any difficulty I may have, however, in planning "Views and Reviews" is certainly not due this time to lack of material. Quite the contrary! The difficulty is to manage the mass of material, picking out from it what must go to my daily paper, or what will be best for my radio talks, or, as in the present circumstances, what may suit the mood of the writer and the readers of this special page in THE COMMONWEAL.

This affair of selection, and giving a construction to what was selected from the multitude of things happening here—things seen, things rumored, or whispered, or blazoned forth, page after page, even in the limited space of the Italian newspapers, dealing with the papal conclave and election—may be illustrated by briefly speaking about my experience of yesterday.

Between six thirty in the evening and midnight, that is to say, from the time when, after his swift, dramatic and enthusiastic election by his former colleagues of the Sacred College, Cardinal Pacelli had assumed the great title of Pius XII and given his first blessing to the world and the city, from the historic balcony high above the Piazza of St. Peter's where were gathered a multitude of his fellow citizens of his native Rome—his first blessing as Rome's new Bishop, and as the universal Vicar of God to all humanity—your commentator wrote and sent by telephone to New York, and through the mysterious medium of the ether waves of radio to all the United States, something between 5,000 and 6,000 hurriedly written words. If time and energy had permitted I might have used at least 50,000 words—and still I would have only scratched the surface of the subject. But the "dead lines" which a journalist or radio commentator must exactly obey, on the penalty of ceasing to be useful in that highly practical profession, or trade, of serving modern mankind's hunger and thirst after news, kept me rigidly confined in my "wordage"—no doubt a great blessing both for myself and my readers and radio audience.

As I tried to reflect upon the real meaning of this event which I was so hurriedly trying to convey, there was the obvious reflection that if only mankind hungered and thirsted after what really matters—viz., not the words of the cosmopolitan journalist, but the words of eternal life which the Vicar of the Word of God was chosen to dispense—life would be a good deal easier for journalists. But then, we might all be without work to do, and maybe that would not be so good for us. (To be continued in our next instalment.)

Communications

FATHER FRANCIS A. WALSH, O.S.B.

Philadelphia, Pa.

TO the Editors: It was not till this evening an opportunity presented itself to me to read in your issue of March 10, "Father Francis A. Walsh, O.S.B.," by Kenton Kilmer. Like Kilmer I feel as though I was an intimate friend of Father Walsh's. Kenton Kilmer has given the readers of your weekly an insight into a saint and a scholar, a rare bird in these times, though it seems to me that there is another phase of Father Walsh's life, and an important one too, that I'd like to add to the numerous activities that Mr. Kilmer mentions.

For many years Father Walsh was the chaplain of the Brothers of the Christian Schools at St. John's College in Washington; as a matter of fact, the community is still served by a priest from St. Anselm's Priory. Father served as confessor to the Brothers there during his term of office and frequently one or more of us, over his hasty breakfast, to "get back to the priory," would discuss with him many of the current topics of the day. Father Walsh was always the jovial, kind, eager-to-help priest. But it is not of these things that I wish to speak.

As frequently happens in the religious life, storms of one kind or another usually buffet the young inexperienced religious. Especially is this true of the young religious engaged in teaching. On one such occasion when the writer felt as though life at best was far from a "bowl of cherries," I dropped in to see Father while he was taking his breakfast, served by "Old Joe." (Joe has been serving the Brothers at St. John's now for over twenty-three years, and incidentally Father Walsh brought Joe's mother, a kindly old colored lady, into the Church on her deathbed; just another of those little things Father Walsh did in his own quiet way.) I told him of these apparently unconquerable details. He listened patiently to my tale of woe, and then when I had finished (it was around this

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time of the year) told me to ask Brother Dorotheus if I could take a ride around the Tidal Basin with him before the "place became crowded with those tourists." "The cherry blossoms are worth seeing at this time of the morning, Brother, just as the sun comes up." I asked, I received permission and, about seven o'clock through the mist as it rises up these trees, I saw. Somehow or other I don't remember if we even discussed the direful and sad misgivings anent teaching, the religious life, life in general or not; but I felt as though I had met a man who knew God, and the experience of spiritual calm after riding around with him on that early April morning has never left me.

I've seen the blossoms since, many, many times. I've seen paintings of them. I've read how they will serve to keep peace with our brothers in the Far East, but somehow or other they make me a bit nostalgic for a ride in the priory car (battered but it ran) around the basin as the sun rose and melted the mist above the trees and permitted me to see them, and to see myself.

I find it a bit too difficult to write purely objectively of Father Walsh. One can't do that of a friend. Kenton Kilmer is right when he says, "And each, like myself, though mourning his departure from us, cannot but rejoice with confidence upon his entry into the courts of God."

Two years ago Father Walsh received an honorary Doctor's Degree from La Salle College. It seems rather nice to think that he may now dispute in his own inimitable way, with Dr. De La Salle, founder of the Christian Brothers, about those little things like rising at four-thirty, the methods of teaching religion, and the countless other little things Father noticed and discussed.

I prefer to remember him in much the same way as His Excellency Archbishop Curley remembered the saintly Monsignor Kirby, of the same Catholic University, as a "priestly priest who did priestly things in a priestly way."

With warmest personal regards to Kenton Kilmer and a fond wish that some little word of mine will do much to make Father Walsh better known.

BROTHER G. CHARLES, F.S.C.

THE BREVIARY IN ENGLISH

Rome, Italy.

TO the Editors: Two letters published some time ago in THE COMMONWEAL on "The Breviary in English" spur the writer to put in a plea with lay reciters of the Divine Office to do so in Latin. Latin has been the traditional language of the Western Rite of our Catholic Church for two thousand years; why should we deviate its flow, confine it to priests and religious and eventually lose it?

Moreover, the Divine Office is a prayer in common; if Benedictine monks, Dominican and Franciscan Friars etc. say it in Latin and the laity do so in English, how can their voices blend in one choir and one praise? When future cathedral choirs of priests are formed in America for perpetual, public recitation of the Divine Office, as they exist in every other Catholic country in the world, will not lay lovers of the Office join in this official prayer of the Church in America?

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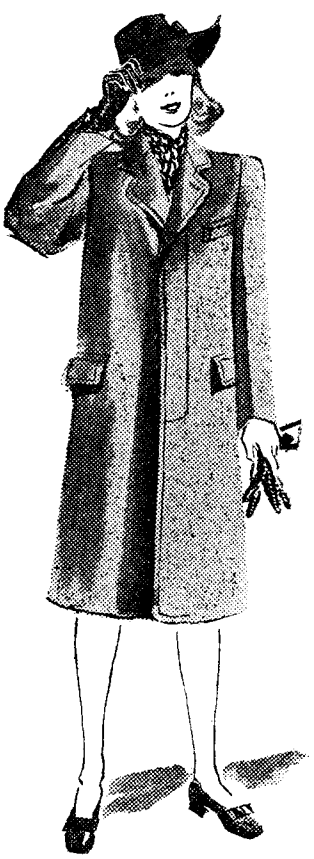

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Doubtless, for this, one must know some Church Latin. The increasing liturgical revival in our country makes one desire that every Catholic child in our parochial schools should be given this elementary knowledge of Church Latin. For grown-ups, the learning is easier than is supposed; there is an American grammar of classical Latin, simplified, "Elementa Prima," by Luther Denny Whitmore, one whole course of which enabled the writer, with the help of a dictionary but no teacher, to understand most of the Lessons of Matins; there is an English grammar, "Church Latin for Beginners," by J. E. Lowe, M.A. (Burns, Oates & Washburn, Ltd.), a better guide still; there is an invaluable "Book on the Psalms," translation and explanations, by Abbé Fillion, translated from the French, and other books as helpful. Our Missals carry two columns, Latin text and translation; special editions of the Divine Office could do so too.

Anyone cultured enough to appreciate the Liturgy in general, is capable of this study. The guesswork attached to it is real fun and its offers besides, the joy and benefit of ever-new spiritual discoveries: when the meaning of a scriptural text or commentary dawns on the mind, it is nothing less than a ray of the Divine Wisdom that shines through the soul and there is no translation which fully conveys this meaning as the strong, concise Latin terms do; it is often a question of apprehension of the very substance of doctrinal truths.

FRANCESCA MACMURROUGH.

HOPE TO THE FUTURE

Indianapolis, Ind.

TO the Editors: THE COMMONWEAL offers the best hope to the future in expressing Catholic thought and action. The change and reorganization in ownership and management deserved and has fulfilled every bit of the confidence and good-will expressed for it early in 1938. The new editors have done a fine job and their judgment will go far in making Catholicism the real force it should be in public thinking and acting.

Specifically, THE COMMONWEAL's stand on the Spanish question was the most fair and most progressive made by any Catholic or group of Catholics in this country. The articles by Bishop Lucey were excellent because from an authoritative source they let the world know that Catholics are not only not content with the status quo but that there are Catholics who are doing everything possible to improve the status quo. Reverend Virgil Michel, O.S.B., in his articles, clearly stated the Catholic outlook on the modern world, and he was most instrumental in indicating the liturgical road along which the Christian world must advance. His eulogy written in a recent issue of THE COMMONWEAL is a fine tribute to a great doer of Christ's words.

I should also like to mention Gerald Vann and his thought-provoking articles. They remind me of Emmet Lavery's "Monsignor's Hour," in which Monsignor Carey says: "The world will always invite men to *die* for their honor; how long must it be before people wonder why they are not exhorted to *live* for their honor?" Particularly could many "Rah-rah Franco" Catholics and jingoistically inclined Americans ponder over the portion beginning with the third paragraph on page 203 (of THE COMMONWEAL) in his second article in the series, "The Means of Warfare." The editorial and column by Michael Williams in the January 20 issue show that not only clever digs can be unmasked by Catholics, but that Catholics are willing to give back in kind. It's that kind of fighting and bluff-calling that we Catholics ought to do more of.

In spite of the opposition that may have resulted, THE COMMONWEAL's position with regard to Father Charles Coughlin is justifiable and praiseworthy. Father Coughlin as a rabble-rouser and Jew-baiter is no honor to the clerical garb he wears nor to the Faith he professes. A priest like any other human is subject to certain imperfections and is as likely to err as anyone else; but to falsify and spread half-truths consistently and glaringly as he does is sufficient reason to cast upon him the name of a radical and proud purveyor of error. I am open for reasonable rational logical discussion of Father Coughlin, his orations, or his suppositions; and I am open to the conviction that I might be wrong.

What I am trying to get at is that the best course by which to discover and apply remedies to the ills besetting the world is to act definitely and positively. Tossing negations and denials at and around "Silo Charlie" (cf. *Time*, page 33, January 30) isn't going to foster an era of social justice, nor is bewailing the state of the Catholic press or accusing the secular press of perfidy going to establish and carry on a Catholic press that can meet and beat the non-Catholic press on its home field. The objective ought to be to consider, plan and follow a definite and positive course of action, and if it is necessary to outline or define a position in reference to a particular thing outside that course of action, do so, but without neglecting or losing sight of the first and more important objective. My goal is not one of putting skids wholly and always under Father Coughlin, but as long as I find that he is interfering with those who are acting in order to enforce real social justice, and as long as I believe that he is increasing the number and size of the obstacles that are and will face me and others in my profession, I feel justified and reserve the right to express and define my position with reference to the one he stands in.

There has been and still is, I personally think, a great deal to be said in favor of Father Coughlin, but unfortunately his unfavorable points are the ones that will make the most lasting impressions. Father Coughlin to my mind is like a good quarter in a dollar's worth of small change, seventy-five cents of which is in lead quarters, nickels or dimes. No matter how you try, with that dollar you can't buy one hundred one-cent stamps. But the quarter is still good; if he would take that bad change, consisting of impossible economics, chauvinistic politics, and discredited references and other things, back where he got it, and demand the real goods, I believe that he could easily buy one hundred and one one-cent stamps for his dollar.

JOHN M. SULLIVAN.

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Points & Lines

Again—What Is Our Foreign Policy?

EACH time that Hitler has moved in his policy of expansion there has been raised—with increasing urgency—the question of what America's foreign policy should be. The latest move, the absorption of what remained of Czecho-Slovakia, led to the most intense soul-searching of all. On March 17 in the Senate expression was at once given by Senator King of Utah to the first impulse of many Americans.

> Mr. President, the Hitler régime has been one of aggression and of contempt for democratic nations. It has flouted promises and agreements entered into with all the solemnity of treaties. The Nazi rule suppresses democracy. It is rule by force. It strikes at the moral and spiritual forces which should be regnant in the world. It seeks the annihilation of religion, and under the Nazi philosophy the state is supreme. The people are unimportant other than as instrumentalities to be moved by autocrats to create a superstate within which individuals are mere pawns.
>
> So far as I am concerned, I should be glad to see our government refuse to have commercial or diplomatic relations with a government which betrays democracies, attacks and destroys free republics, and seeks by force and brutal practises to rule millions of helpless victims [*Congressional Record*].

Politically the reorientation of our foreign policy depends upon what changes, if any, are to be made in our neutrality legislation. The *Christian Century* admirably analyzes the present possibilities in this direction.

> Four proposals dealing with the neutrality law are ready to come before Senator Pittman's committee. The first, introduced by the Democratic whip, Senator Lewis, would simply repeal the law outright. The second, which has as yet no formal sponsor [since introduced by Senator Pittman] . . . would repeal the prohibition against exporting arms, ammunition and implements of war and bring all such trade under the "cash and carry" provisions which now apply to conditional contraband. The third, proposed by Senator Thomas of Utah . . . would give the President the right, subject to approval by both houses of Congress, to designate an aggressor against whom the provisions of the neutrality act would apply, while exempting the aggressor's victim from its penalties.
>
> There is still a fourth proposal, sponsored by Congressman Hamilton Fish, which would prohibit the export of munitions at all times, without reference to whether peace or war obtains abroad. Unfortunately the munitions business already bulks so largely in the hopes for a revival of heavy industries that there is no likelihood that this suggested Fish revision of the law will be seriously considered by Congress.
>
> Of the three other proposals, while the President has refrained from committing himself it is understood in Washington that he is opposed to the Thomas amendment because of the share which it would give Congress in deciding on the identity of an aggressor, and thus in making foreign policy. The Lewis proposal for outright repeal is said to represent Mr. Roosevelt's own desire, but there is considerable reluctance on the part of the administration to recommend to the nation the destruction of all neutrality safeguards. As a result, the second line of attack —extending the "cash and carry" principle to cover all

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sales of war goods—seems the one most likely to be adopted by the President's legislative lieutenants. Already the national capital is filled with rumors of suggested deals by means of which hitherto pro-neutrality senators might be induced to vote for a sweeping "cash and carry" revision.

Perhaps the now celebrated letter of former Secretary of State Stimson is what has so notably changed Republican sentiment on this issue. In any case we find the New York *Herald Tribune* saying:

These seem to us the ruling principles on which American policy should be frankly founded: The reduction of France and Great Britain to the status of second- or third-rate powers would be profoundly inimical to the vital interests of the United States. It is not the part of the United States—which could probably still survive, though with little ease or comfort, in a world in which that had happened—to take the lead in urging France and Britain to defend either themselves or such of their remaining outposts as Rumania or an independent Spain. We should correspondingly avoid all merely irritating gestures against the axis powers. But the United States should forthwith lend the democracies its firm diplomatic support and full cooperation in such things as fiscal and commercial policy, airplane contracts and so on. And if the democracies do defend themselves and a general war results, the United States should be frankly prepared to make its economic resources available to them and to put no hindrance in their way of insisting that these resources be kept open, under strained interpretations of neutral rights, to the Nazi-Fascist powers. The United States will not commit itself to enter such a war. But it will certainly not foreclose the possibility of doing so should its interests compel that step.

The *Christian Science Monitor* takes somewhat the same line:

Indignation will be of value only if it produces something "stronger and more effective than mere words." The most feasible immediate step of the kind would be a change in the Neutrality Act to permit America to supply victims of aggression. Such action would more truly represent the ideals and interests of the American people than does an ostrich-like effort to forget the world. The American people have newspapers and radios, they also have concepts of right and justice. To think that they can remain neutral in thought is futile. The present official statement may not help the Czechs, but it can help to make American legislation more responsive to American feeling.

The Baltimore *Sun* becomes even more violent on the same theme:

Acting on our own in a disorganized and demoralized world, the first thing for the United States to do is to complete the armament program on which it has started. We should arm and arm abundantly. There is no guarantee in armaments against war and we are the last so to argue. Nations armed have been drawn into war no less than nations unarmed. But when a brutal fanatic is loose in the world with vast power, and vast power steadily increased, there is no guarantee of any kind against war. The only thing a people can guarantee themselves is that, in the event of war or threat of war, they will not be unprepared to speak and to act. By arming, we shall at least know that, in an emergency, we shall be able to talk in the one language that Hitler and associates understand. We shall be able to believe that they will think twice whenever or wherever our rights and our interests cross their plans. We shall know that if still they act against us, they assuredly will be made to think twice after the event.

The second thing, after arming, is to realize that we shall serve our rights and our interests in the world if Britain and France are preserved against the power of Hitler and associates. As the situation has developed, proof is given of the wisdom of the policy of selling planes and such materials to these two powers. It will be said that this will create danger of our being drawn into war. The answer is that we have no policy open to us which will not create danger of our being drawn into war. If Britain and France are forced to their knees, and if they should be compelled to surrender their possessions near our shores, would we be free of the danger of war? What we know, and almost all that we can know in the present world, is, first, that we have lived in peace with Britain and France for a century and a quarter, though our interests have at times clashed in the Atlantic area and elsewhere; and, second, that we can have no such assurance from the power-mad, power-laden dictator of Germany and his associates in aggression. We sleep quietly with Bermuda and Jamaica in British hands. Imagine them in the hands of Hitler! And what of Canada?

From a generally New Deal paper, the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch:*

What is the significance of the latest coup to the rest of the world? . . .

For the United States, it bolsters the need for building adequate defense. And, of even greater significance, it highlights the necessity for repeal of the Neutrality Act. As that law stands today, it confines this country in a straitjacket, powerless to aid friendly powers by such legitimate means as selling them arms and munitions should they engage in a life-and-death struggle with fascism. Defeat of Britain and France would bring the menace of ruthless militarism closer to our shores. It would be the height of folly for America to remain shackled by this law when its repeal would be an unmistakable and restraining note of warning to the world's aggressors.

Of course the Stalinists have been making a great to-do about it, along the same lines. Here is a typical passage from a *Daily Worker* editorial:

The rush of events has proved that America needs a complete repeal of the whole so-called "neutrality" legislation which is doing us much harm by strengthening our fascist enemies. We should discriminate between aggressor and the victim—that is basic to a realistic foreign policy. We should make our supplies available to the victim and shut them off completely from the aggressor.

Short of complete repeal, the Neutrality Act needs to be fundamentally revised in accordance with the above considerations. The amendments of Senator Thomas in this direction are the minimum which is urgently needed.

The only exception to all this comes from the religious press. A Protestant sample, from the *Christian Advocate* of Nashville, Tennessee:

Are there two kinds of war, justifiable and unjustifiable, or are all wars of the latter class? It would be well for Christians to make an intensive study of the Master's teachings and decide this matter while time and opportunity are still available.

And from *America,* Jesuit weekly:

Almighty God has not vested this government with authority to give the law to other nations, to sit in judgment upon them, and to visit with our censure those whom we judge guilty. Nor has that authority, repugnant to our political ideals and to the tradition of our people, been given us by international compact. When our ranking officials undertake to announce that some nations are approved by us and others censured, they stir up resentment here and abroad, create causes of international strife, divide our own people, and should war flare up in some remote corner of the world, may force us to hazard our fortunes, our young men, and political independence in conflicts from which neither we nor any of the nations involved will emerge victorious.

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The Stage & Screen

Second Spring

THE WORLD premiere of Emmet Lavery's "Second Spring" was recently given by the Boston College Dramatic Society at the Majestic Theatre, Boston. That this splendid play should have to turn to an amateur organization for a production is an ironic commentary on the present state of the American theatre, and especially the interest which the Catholic public shows in Catholic drama. Those who have read Mr. Lavery's play must have realized that it is a play of rare distinction in the writing, writing informed with a deep spirituality of feeling supported by dialogue at once poetic and incisive. Moreover, Mr. Lavery in it proves himself a master of character drawing. His Newman, his Manning, his Keble, his Pusey, his Leo XIII are not lay figures, but breathing, vital personalities. This is no mean triumph, for there are few dramatists able to give life to historic figures, as recent plays on Byron, Shelley, Keats, Poe and Hitler have only too patently emphasized. Mr. Lavery's inclusion of many of Newman's and Manning's own words makes more veritable the men themselves. Those who may object that in the play Mr. Lavery has been unfair to Manning, has not touched upon his great work of social reform, should realize that the play is about Newman, and Manning comes into it only in his relations with that extraordinary character. In these relations Manning was unworthy of his better nature. But in his sermon on the death of Newman he magnificently atoned.

The Boston critics speak of the excellent performances given by the young men of Boston College, and it is to their eternal honor and that of their directors that they have been the first to give Mr. Lavery's play visual form. But it is to be hoped that some day it will be given with professional actors. The part of Newman would be ideal for Leslie Howard, and Walter Hampden would be a splendid Manning. It is true that it would take an unusual cast to bring out its full quality, but this makes it ideal for some festival performance. Is there not enough interest among Catholics in America to make such a festival performance possible? "Second Spring" is a work of art, and a work of Catholic art. We have too few such works in America to be willing to neglect them.

Awake and Sing

A SEEING of "Awake and Sing" in its present revival confirms the opinion that it is still Clifford Odets's best play. It has all the vitality of dialogue, the freshness of observation, the innate power of dramatization which his later plays possess, with an honesty which the others, even his last, "Rocket to the Moon," lack. "Awake and Sing" is frankly a Jewish play about Jews in the Bronx. Except in one speech it does not attempt to preach a philosophy for mankind in general, or give us Americans or Italians or Greeks who are as Jewish as Mr. Odets himself. And it is superbly acted by Luther Adler, J. Edward

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Bromberg, Sanford Meisner, William Challee, Alfred Ryder, Morris Carnovsky, Art Smith and Phoebe Brand. It is not a pleasant play, but it is an honest one, and the Group Theatre has done well to revive it. (At the Windsor Theatre.) GRENVILLE VERNON.

"What are heroes, prophets, men—"

TWO NEW documentary films merit your attention. Both are vitally alive, timely, biased, anti-fascist; and both get under your skin. Herbert Kline's "Crisis" relates in excellent photography, with Vincent Sheean's commentary narrated by Leif Erickson, the story of Czecho-Slovakia from the days of the Austrian Anschluss through those sad days following the peace of Munich. You see the Czechs at work and play; you see them courageously prepare against aggression in May and September; you see the Germans influencing the Sudetens under Henlein; you see Hitler, Chamberlain and Daladier; you see a broken-spirited people in Prague after Munich, Benes's resignation, the transference of minorities within minorities to grabbing countries, and the pathetic situation of a new group of refugees. The film's factual, concise, calm tone makes you weep for the betrayed and abandoned Czechs.

The case for China is presented in "The 400,000,000," Joris Ivens's and John Ferno's stirring film about a people struggling against the pitiless attack of undeclared war. It shows Japanese air raids, their tragic results, the Chinese helplessly fleeing into the interior, the brave fight the Chinese are waging since their reorganization and how they talk back to the invading war lords with strategy and guerilla warfare. This picture, greatly enlivened by Hanns Eisler's music and by Dudley Nichols's effective commentary spoken by Frederic March, is not only a war film; it describes the people, their culture, their efforts at unification under Dr. Sun Yat Sen and their building of modern China which they are confident will be victorious even if it takes ten years.

So moving and significant are these two documentaries that they make the regular feature films seem pale—even such a thoroughly enjoyable movie as "Love Affair," which is one of those rare combinations of high comedy, interesting story and sentiment. Under Leo McCarey's skilful direction, Irene Dunne, Charles Boyer and Maria Ouspenskaya do their best in this Donald Ogden Stewart and Delmer Davis screenplay while you laugh and cry and give your emotions a workout. Because of overly brilliant repartee, the beginning seems unusually glittery when Terry and Michel, two attractive, "pink champagne" people, meet on a ship and fall in love. But the exquisite scene with Michel's grandmother at Madeira sets another note. The romance becomes a bit saccharine after the couple land in New York; but the ending is satisfactory even with its leaning toward the wishing well of "Snow White."

It is to be hoped that Deanna Durbin won't continue the career of Miss Fixit she plays in "Three Smart Girls Grow Up." This pretty young lady soundly deserves the slap she gets when she meddles in her sisters' love affairs. The picture's superficiality is relieved by the good acting of Miss Durbin, Charles Winninger and Robert Cummings, and Deanna's excellent singing. PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Books of the Day

A Force That Shaped Our Times

World Communism: A History of the Communist International, by F. Borkenau. New York: W. W. Norton and Company. $3.75.

THIS is a brilliant and amazing study of the short history of the Third International. "Three periods can be clearly distinguished. During the first period the Comintern is mainly an instrument to bring about revolution. During the second period it is mainly an instrument in the Russian factional struggle. During the third period it is mainly an instrument of Russian foreign policy" (page 419). And through all periods it has been a failure. It never brought about world revolution. The author develops the criss-cross of the Comintern policy with admirable clarity and an amazing knowledge of detail. No wonder; he was an active Communist himself.

Neither did the Comintern bring about a solution for Russian factional struggle. Stalin emerged as an absolute despot and exiled and killed all Russia's leaders.

Nor is the Comintern a good instrument for Russian foreign politics. It gives Russia's enemies the wonderful pretext of forming a far more efficient Anti-Comintern and it makes her an element of suspicion and distrust to her allies and to neutral powers. Following the author on his way through the Russian, German, Hungarian, Bulgarian, Austrian, Chinese and Spanish revolutions and revolts, one cannot but agree with his thesis.

Since Stalin became the Comintern's overlord and absolute "Anti-Fuehrer" or "Anti-Duce," its ruthless centralism has been responsible not only for a wave of crimes and purges, but also for the downfall of all working-class movements and the advent of fascism. "Communism, in Lenin's definition, is not the party of the proletariat; it is the party of revolutionaries (professionals, intelligentsia) linked with the proletariat" (page 376). This quasi-military organization had at its top a bureaucracy followed by an ever-changing mass of blind and obedient crusaders. Borkenau shows how the Comintern, although impotent in itself, necessarily creates an atmosphere of messianism in the masses. In times of crisis and distress these masses will not look for "a smiling photo of Stalin," but a Fuehrer or Duce. Thus the Comintern is an element of disintegration for truly democratic nations and breeds fascism.

One of the most interesting parts of this book is its analysis of the forces which made up Loyalist Spain and Stalin's embarrassment and indecision when he was forced to help a revolution which was not his.

Borkenau's conclusions should be read not only by all our progressives and liberals, but also by Catholics. "Present-day communism (outside Russia) is essentially the belief in a saviour abroad; for this very reason it is a serious symptom of the decay of liberalism and democracy. For the essence of both is a belief in the capacity to manage politics without a saviour, by the forces of the politically emancipated people themselves." This book is necessary for all who want a deeper understanding of our present world situation and of our own internal politics. It is the first up-to-date history of that force which did more to shape our times than any other.

H. A. REINHOLD.

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CONTEMPORARY SOCIAL PROBLEMS

Apostles of Revolution, by Max Nomad. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. $3.50.
The Science of World Revolution, by Arnold Lunn. New York: Sheed and Ward. $3.00.

IN OUR time of social crisis we find a special interest in the history and theory of revolution. Max Nomad's book—seven biographic essays of revolutionary leaders—contains fascinating information. Nomad does not write as a doctrinaire but as a historian and demonstrates the power which concrete life and biographical circumstances have over pure doctrine. With a certain joy of disillusion he demonstrates the "human, all too human" features of revolutionists. And with a somewhat cynical smile he notes the antagonism between the morality of the leaders and the morality of the herd. In this he has a true psychological understanding of the totalitarian systems of our days. He shows in an impressive way the dilemma of Lenin, who saw the ambitions of Trotzky and Stalin, and "was not very happy in the choice which was left him between an arrogant intellectual superman, and a cunning coarse super-Caliban—each of whom was aspiring to the succession and was destined to make a mess of the great adventure."

In contrast to most writers about revolutions Nomad has only a very modest faith in the "spontanous activity of the masses." He believes in the eminent historical rôle of demagogues and leaders. Only an aristocracy of fine personalities, not the masses themselves, can create a system of social justice; the masses are always ready to follow the temptation of any crafty person who appeals to their basest instincts and very seldom listen to a voice of reason and fair play. Hence they are easily deceived by the dictators. In a stimulating way Nomad illustrates this pessimistic philosophy by his biographies. But his book is depressingly without any positive outlook.

Mr. Lunn's book is richer in criticism than in fertile ideas of its own. It is opposed to the Leftist trend of modern politics and passionately anti-communistic without developing the same passion against the Rome-Berlin brand of totalitarianism.

In his analysis of Marxism and its Russian version Lunn makes some very good points and displays an unusual talent for treating economic problems in an extremely clean and popular manner. I know no better book for a young Marxist to meditate with regard to the fundaments of his master's doctrines. Lunn's remarks on parlor-Bolsheviks are well formulated and impressive. I personally like the way he deals with such pink jongleurs as Mr. Strachey. But it seems indispensable to present a better way of social justice after having denounced the errors and tragic consequences of Marxism. In failing to do so you give to naive readers the illusion that present conditions are not so bad, that there is no natural dynamic for a change of our social structure and that the unrest of our time is caused only by professional trouble makers.

There has always been social injustice and there always will be; that is the fatalistic atmosphere of two books, in many respects so dissimilar—that of the atheist Nomad and that of the Catholic Lunn. Such a mentality of relativism involves a danger that may run counter to the intentions of the authors. The reader may conclude that the status quo is the lesser social evil and prefer the well-known imperfection of present conditions to the unknown dangers of any change and reform. And such a reactionary attitude can easily dull our social conscience and responsibility.

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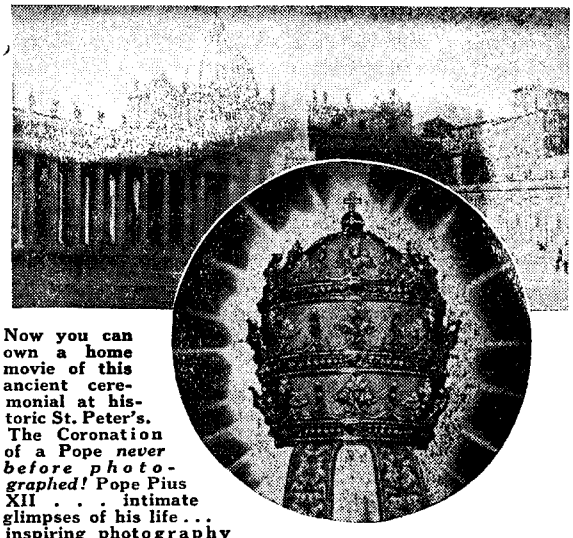

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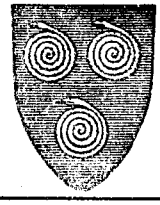

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Restoring All Things: A Guide to Catholic Action; edited by Paul McGuire and John Fitzsimons. New York: Sheed and Ward. $2.00.

"THE IMMEDIATE task of Catholic Action is not to transform society, but to form consciences. The transformation of society can only appear as an effect of transformed consciences. If consciences are rightly ordered there will be right order in society." There is the whole idea of Catholic Action in a nutshell and it is significant that this statement should appear in the chapter on "The World Scene of Catholic Action." This chapter and the subsequent chapters written by the editors on Catholic Action in Italy, Belgium and France, are the most interesting parts of the book chiefly because they deal with the practical application of fundamental ideas. It may seem ungracious to suggest that the first three chapters—by well-known authors, it is true—have been added to fill in what might otherwise have been a slender volume but perhaps more to the point. It seems to me that the basic points of any particular thesis must be stressed and fully understood before the reader is ready to explore the byways of the question. And one of these basic points concerns the practical working out of lay participation in the apostolate of the hierarchy, so well expressed by the editors in their chapter on "The World Scene of Catholic Action."

In the chapter on Catholic Action in Italy the editors mention the first Congress of Social Studies held in Genoa in 1892 and the consequent verbal squabbles between employers and workers which resulted in the Socialists stepping "into the breach with their own syndical organizations." This event may well serve as a warning that the great stumbling block to Catholic Action today is too much talk and not enough action. Any application in the United States of the methods so successfully used in Belgium and France must also take into account the vast territorial extent of this country and the probable need for regional centers from which can radiate successful action throughout the land. MAURICE LAVANOUX.

FICTION

The Land Is Bright, by Archie Binns. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

THE CURRENT spate of novels dealing with the American past, which shows no signs of diminishing, and which is obviously meeting with the favor of the reading public, receive a notable addition in Archie Binns's "The Land Is Bright," a tale of the great trek to the Oregon country in the 'fifties. It is a colorful and dramatic account of the familiar search for a newer and better land, this country's favorite dream translated again into terms of a particular time and place by the skill of an accomplished novelist. There are technical flaws in the present work, as there were in its two predecessors, "Lightship" and "The Laurels Are Cut Down," but Mr. Binns has many virtues to make up for his weakness in structural sense, and it is easy to find reasons why his new book will be liked and enjoyed.

The plan of the novel is simple. Mr. Binns follows day by day a caravan from Kanesville, Iowa, now known as Council Bluffs, to the end of its journey on the Pacific side. The year is 1852, which was especially bad for cholera, so that many of the westward-farers filled lonely graves along the way. The events of the long journey were many and of great variety, violent, romantic, tragic and comic, and it is plain that the journals and other records of the people have been carefully searched for the wealth of material from which the story is so vividly, fully and convincingly brought to life. Also, the author is himself a Puget Sounder who grew up with the descendants of the pioneers who made the trip, which means that he is very close to what he is writing about and makes easier his task of bringing it fresh to the reader. Perhaps the exciting narrative represents a kind of telescoping of historical record, but there is unfailing artistic reality throughout the book; one feels the probabilities ever present.

The note of most striking originality in the novel is its emphasis upon the younger characters, who are usually in the foreground of the picture. Nancy Lee Greenfield, nineteen, is really the central figure, and her romance with Case Ford, Iowa and Kentucky, respectively, constitutes the principal love interest, although there is plenty of attention to this aspect of human affairs in other directions as well. But Mr. Binns also writes of much of the journey from the point of view of the children involved in it and does so with fine imagination. Other children are certain to like these passages; in fact, like most good novels of this kind, there should be a sure appeal to the teen-age group as well as to adults. "The Land Is Bright" challenges no comparisons with the great and timeless novels, but it is an admirable piece of work of its kind, deserving more than passing attention because of the care with which this fictional version of one of the most stirring chapters in our history has been put together.

HERSCHEL BRICKELL.

MEMOIRS

My Memoir, by Edith Bolling Wilson. New York: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $3.50.

THE major part of this work has been printed in the *Saturday Evening Post* under the title "As I Saw It." The book is dedicated "to my husband, Woodrow Wilson, who helped me build from the broken timbers of my life a temple wherein are enshrined memories of his great spirit which was dedicated to the service of his God and humanity."

Mrs. Wilson devotes only three chapters to the first forty years of her life. She met the President in 1915. After a difficult courtship, they were married privately in her home. From that day she followed every phase of the mosaic which her husband was shaping into pattern of statecraft. This partnership of thought and comradeship remained unbroken to the last day of his life. A 1916 entry in her diary reads: "Woodrow still not well; helped him in study until 12." When he had won his fight to incorporate the League of Nations Covenant into the body of the Treaty, he told her that, once established, the League could arbitrate and correct mistakes which were inevitable in the Treaty. They frequently discussed this and other burning issues of the day.

When the President was stricken on his swing around the country to mobilize popular support for the Treaty, Mrs. Wilson asserts that the attending physicians advised her not to permit the President, whose mind was as clear as crystal, to surrender his office. She then began her stewardship. She studied and made a digest of papers that had to go to the President. She never made a single decision regarding the disposition of public affairs. Her job, as she conceived it, was to distinguish between what was important and what was not, and to select the time when to present matters to her husband.

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Mrs. Wilson does not pretend to reveal official White House secrets. But she does claim, in a brief Foreword, "to have revealed the truth concerning personal matters which has been often distorted by the misinformed." The book therefore is, in many respects, a clever, informal, highly personal brief for the defense. Mrs. Wilson essays to put events into proper focus and detractors in their proper place. She likewise seizes the opportunity—and this is most regrettable—to settle old scores with Colonel House, Lansing, Tumulty, Elizabeth, Queen of Belgium, Mme. Clemenceau, Margot Asquith, the late President and Mrs. Harding, a newspaper reporter named Small, and others. The literary and historical value of the book is seriously marred by the author's pettiness, snobbishness and tactless vindictiveness.

JOHN J. O'CONNOR.

The Saga of Cimba, by Richard Maury. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

HEREIN is a tale of those who have the record of sailing the smallest ship ever to make the westward passage to the Fiji Islands. From Indian Point, Nova Scotia, to those far-away islands is a long way. Starting in the dead of winter, the Cimba three times was nearly overwhelmed by the elements, but kept steadily on to overcome a fourth crisis. This was the combination of a freak current with a tropical rain storm, which placed the schooner on the Suva Reef at Fiji from which no ship had ever been saved. But the Cimba was successfully retrieved, and "not a seam started, not a frame fractured," a great tribute to a Nova Scotia ship builder, Vernon Langilla.

Though a tragedy before the departure of the expedition lost to Maury his shipmate, who had helped pick the Cimba, and a Nova Scotia fisherman who had assisted them on their first leg of the trip, Maury continued with the preparations for sailing. That is the way of life. The writer speaks of Conrad as his patron saint. And truly Maury's description of the hours spent at sea, brings out a note of beauty, of strength, and things well done; a quality that can well approach the best of that past master of sea tales.

In a language which is nautical, but not beyond the landlubber's understanding Maury has written a book that can take its place among the best stories of the sea. Drawings by the author also have the flavor of the sea. And, leaving the story of the islands to others who have gone adventuring in the Southwestern Pacific, Richard Maury has portrayed the ordinary routine of life aboard in a fashion that makes these pages glow and sparkle.

PHILIP H. WILLIAMS.

MISCELLANEOUS

Handbook of Fresh Water Fishing, by Lee Wulff. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. $1.75.

ALMOST complete and readable manual for the fresh-water angler. Whether you seek the wily trout or the guileless sun fish, you are told where and when to find them, the best equipment and tackle to use—even how to find and catch the proper bait. For the advanced angler there are chapters on the technique of fly-casting and much factual information about flies and fly-casting tackle; some interesting and novel suggestions for getting results when the fish seem to have retired, followed by instruction on mounting (or cooking) if you've met with success. A wealth of practical information. Take it with you in the field—it comes in a waterproof wrapper.

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The Inner Forum

THREE years ago a young priest addressed a meeting of the Catholic Women's League in Ottawa about the possibility of starting a Canadian paper similar to the New York *Catholic Worker*. One of the audience pledged herself to raise $9 for the purpose of giving it a start and the first number of the *Social Forum* was prepared by a group of a dozen students from Catholic colleges and high schools in Ottawa.

The first few issues were made possible by the active support of a small group from a House of Hospitality in Toronto under the leadership of Baroness de Hueck, who is now carrying on a most vigorous social apostolate in Harlem, and another similar corps of promoters in Montreal. The first adherents of the paper "sold papers Sunday after Sunday, pored over encyclicals after school hours, begged food for Communion breakfasts for the unemployed and drove their families to distraction with incessant talk of the *Social Forum*."

Within three months a Friendship House was established in Ottawa which allotted some space for the *Social Forum* office. In September, 1937, the publication office was transferred to Toronto and a new group was formed in Hamilton. Finally a branch was formed in Windsor, Ontario, about a year ago. In three years the paper's circulation has gone from nothing to 21,000 copies a month. It is now published at 306 Cumberland Street, Ottawa.

The 16-page anniversary issue is quite impressive. Among the authors included are Reverend F. H. Drinkwater of Birmingham, England, Reverend H. A. Reinhold of the Apostolate of the Sea, Seattle, Washington, Reverend Edgar Schmiedeler, O.S.B., director of the N.C.W.C. Rural Life Bureau, A. L. Danis, O.M.I., and Eugene Cullinane, C.S.B. It carries messages of encouragement from Archbishop McGuigan of Toronto, Bishop Cody of Victoria, B. C., a number of priests, six Canadian Catholic colleges and a wide range of Catholic organizations. In the past three years the *Social Forum* has received messages of encouragement from six Canadian bishops and archbishops.

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